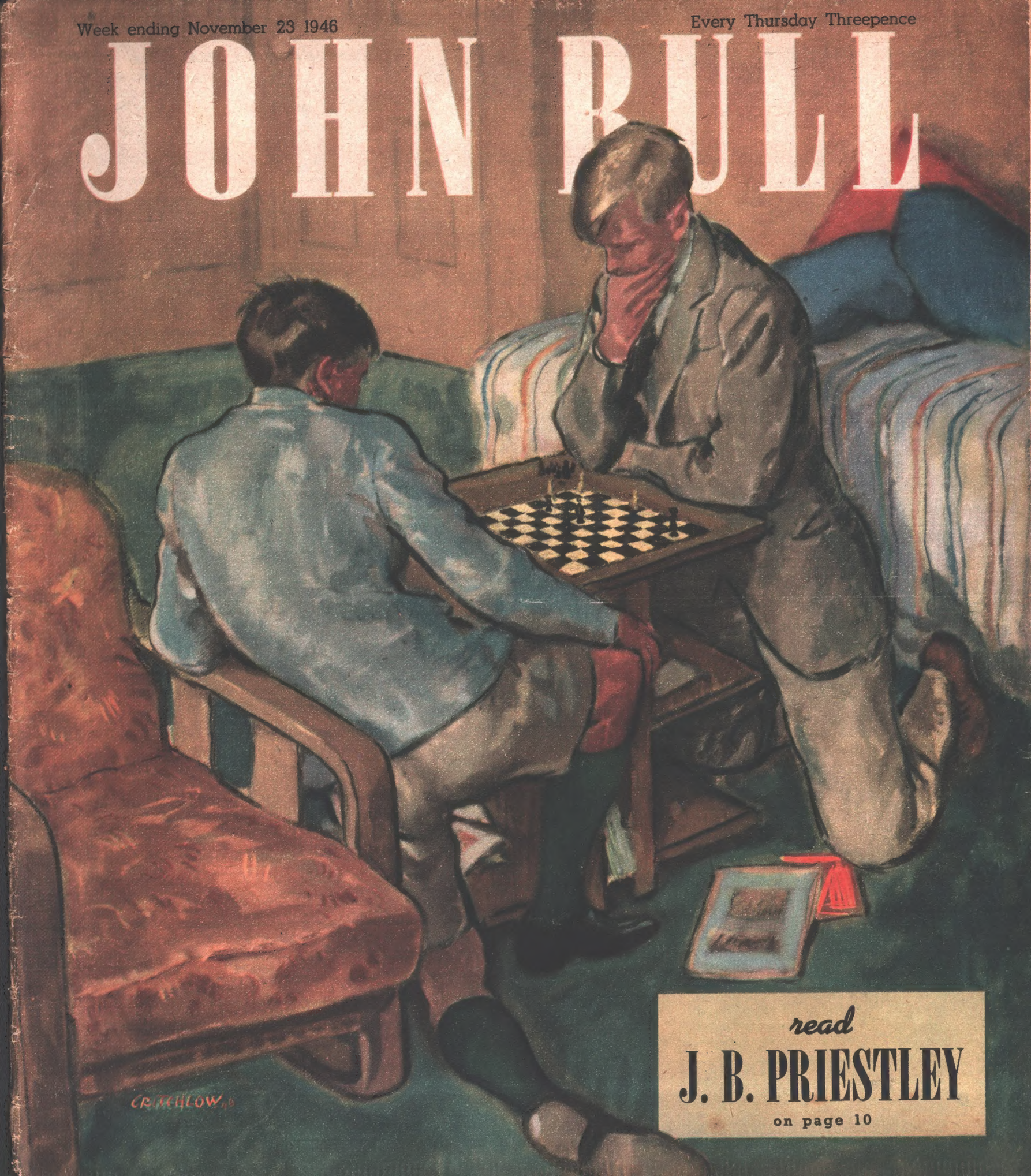
Week ending November 23 1946

Every Thursday Threepence

JOHN BULL



read

J. B. PRIESTLEY

on page 10

THE FRITTER BUG GETS A TELEGRAM FROM HIS FATHER

CONGRATULATIONS ON FINE JOB WITH WOMAN SHOPPER + YOUR WHISPER 'BUY IT! WHAT'S A FEW BOB ANYWAY?' WORKED WONDERS + SHE'S BEEN SAYING IT AND FRITTERING AWAY HER MONEY EVER SINCE + KEEP IT UP + GET MORE AND MORE PEOPLE FRITTERING + THAT'S THE WAY TO SEE WE DON'T GET PROSPERITY + AFFECTIONATELY, SQUANDER BUG

Issued by the National Savings Committee

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Just take two 'Supavite' Capsules once daily in a little water—that's all!

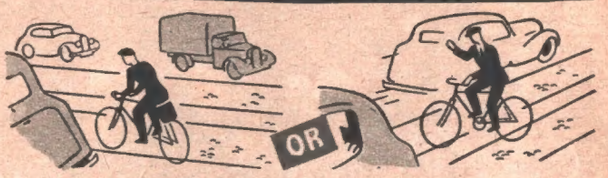
Angiers SUPAVITE CAPSULES

Supplies are still limited. 5/- *per box.*

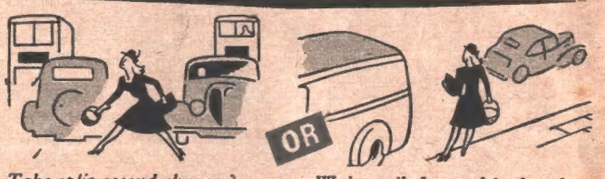
44

How do YOU use the road?

Corner at speed on wet surface? OR *Slow down for safety?*



Risk tramline trap? OR *Cross safely at wide angle?*



Take split-second chances? OR *Wait until the road is clear?*

A copy of THE NEW HIGHWAY CODE will shortly be delivered to your address. Read it and re-read it until you know it thoroughly. Always follow the common-sense rules of road behaviour which are set out in the Code and you will be doing your part to Keep Death off the Road.

Issued by the Ministry of Transport

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YOUNGER MEN HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TOO . .

The new Regular Army offers you a grand career. Apply at any principal Post Office, Army Recruiting Centre or Employment Exchange (or write to War Office, Dept. M109, A.G.10, London, S.W.1) for a FREE copy of the 72 page book, "The Army, the Modern Career."

Try Simpkins Vitalised Stomach Powder. Each teaspoonful contains, in addition to the enzymes, diastase and papain, 35 international units of Vitamin B1. If difficult to obtain send P.O. 1/8, with name and address of your chemist, for standard package to the manufacturers.

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CVS-142

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The British Omnibus Companies Public Relations Committee CVS-245

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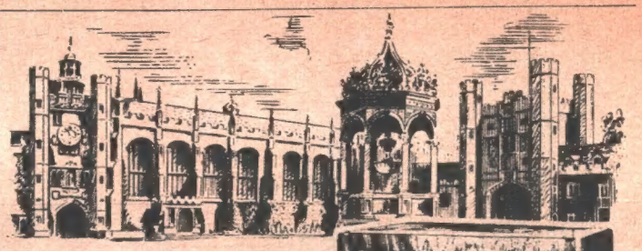
Also—brush dental plates with Kolynos *Denture Powder* to keep them clean, sweet and polished—1/3 a tin.



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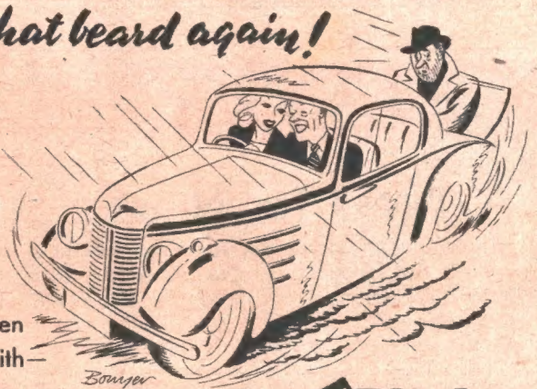

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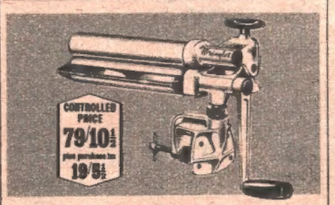

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Give him a chance!

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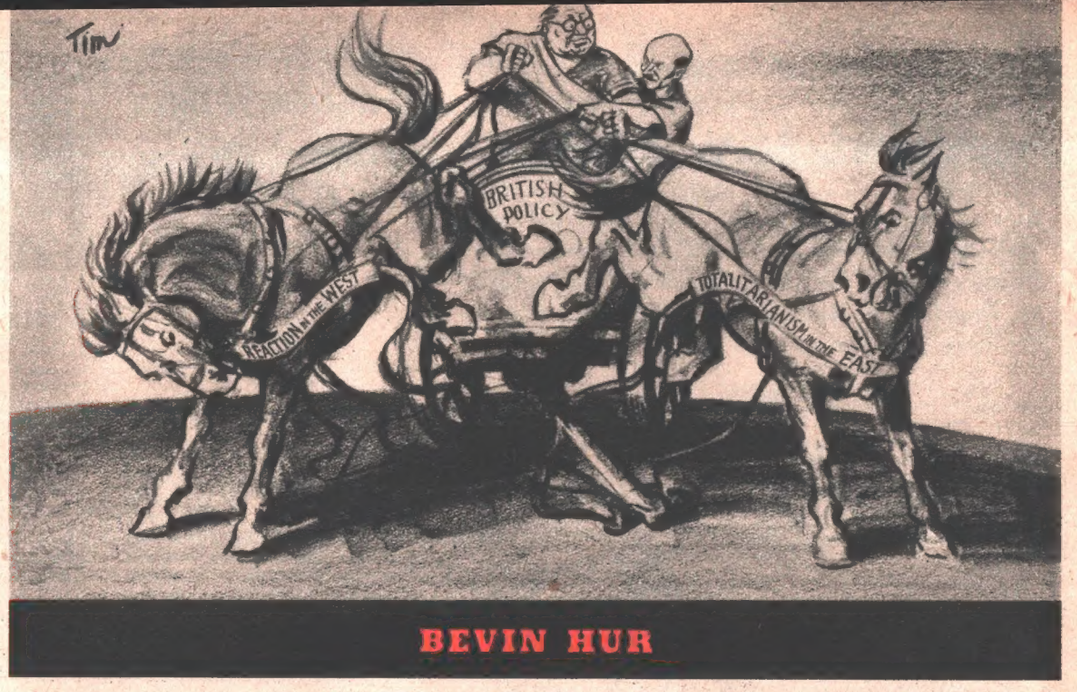
VOLUME 80 NUMBER 2110



BEVIN HUR

Between Two Extremes

THREE WEEKS AFTER the American elections, in which the Republicans won control of both Houses of Congress, the omens for the world have worsened.

In the absence of powerful and idealistic leadership such as that of Franklin Roosevelt, the purely businesslike instincts of the American ruling classes have free play.

We British must now face the fact that America is no longer an ally, but a ruthless rival in the peace-time battle for economic survival. To expect preferential treatment or kindness is a waste of time and hope.

The controls are off in America; and the gloves are off in the export markets of the world.

The resources of British statesmanship are to be taxed to the utmost, therefore, in solving this great dilemma—how to make ourselves economically independent of America while at the same time pressing on patiently and persistently with the achievement of international co-operation in every other sphere.

We must show ourselves capable of meeting the free-for-all big-business tactics of the West, while continuing our efforts to break down the iron control of the East.

The crudest self-interest, let alone our dearest principles, dictates that we shall not slacken in our determination to work with the Americans, as well as the Russians, the French and all our other associates, in establishing the kind of international machinery for which the United Nations Organization stands.

And simultaneously we have to minimize our dependence on the United States for supplies of every kind. It will mean working harder. It will mean going longer without many of the things we need. But if the proposition is put fairly and squarely to the British people, they will not hesitate.

Now, indeed, is the time to re-awaken the 1940 spirit and show real leadership in maintaining the sane middle course between the extremes of East and West for which the new Britain stands.

Bunk about "Bureaucrats"

MORE DRIVEL IS TALKED about "bureaucracy" than any subject in this controversial post-war world.

It is denounced on the one hand as a dead weight squashing human endeavour, and lauded on the other as the only way to run a country.

The truth is that, if you are to have a planned economy and great social services, you must have a lot of Civil Servants to work them.

And there is no proof whatever that men and women behave worse as employees of the State than as employees of any private firm.

It is, however, disquieting to learn that the British Civil Service increased last summer by more than 13,000 to 709,449. True, bread rationing was to blame for most of the increase, which occurred in the staff of the Ministry of Food.

But in view of the desperate manpower shortage there is surely scope for a searching inspection of personnel and an overhaul of departmental methods to save labour.

Let us make sure that every State employee is pulling his or her weight—and then let us hear no more of this ill-informed nonsense about "bureaucracy."

End "Cheap Labour"

NO PLAN for equal pay for equal work is offered by the report of the Royal Commission headed by Sir Cyril Asquith.

In fact, the Commission was not asked for a policy, but for information on the problem of the unequal wages earned by women doing the same jobs as men. It gives the pros and cons in detail; and the three women members, Anne Loughlin, Janet Vaughan, and L. F. Nettlefold, disagree with some of the cons accepted by the men. They do not think it proved that men's work is generally superior to women's in jobs dependent upon skill rather than on strength.

Naturally, the great multitude of women who feel that they are being unfairly treated are deeply disappointed.

So the great women's organizations are mobilizing again, and a wasteful controversy must continue. It will undoubtedly go on until somebody, sometime, settles it on a reasonable basis. Why not now?

If the Commission had been asked to work out a practical approach to a settlement, its months of inquiry would have been far more useful. But it principally points the way to the need for real evidence.

Why, for example, should not a scientific survey of every major industry tell us exactly what jobs women can do as well as men, and exactly how much allowance has to be made for them in other jobs? Then a sensible, reasonable ratio of men's and women's pay could be worked out which would command respect from both sexes.

We cannot leave half our population smarting under a well-justified sense of grievance. Our womanhood is not a reserve of cheap labour, and where pure masculine prejudice obstructs reform it will have to give way.

Unlucky Brides

WITH A FEW SPECTACULAR EXCEPTIONS, most of the British G.I. brides who married decent men are now settling down in America.

But for others there is only disappointment and misery—because of an utter lack of co-ordination between the marriage laws of the United States and Great Britain.

A divorce can be obtained in America by one party without the knowledge of the other party over here; and in any case it is impossible to enforce payment of alimony.

The scandalous position is that some British girls still hopefully waiting to join their war-time husbands across the Atlantic are not even aware that they have been divorced—a transaction, too, which may not be valid in this country, though it frees a man to remarry in the States.

This is an intolerable state of affairs which demands prompt and drastic action as between the two Governments.

No diplomatic agreement can restore shattered romances, but there would surely be no resentment if a firm claim for justice for these hapless G.I. brides was pressed in Washington.

the cover

There's nothing posed about this week's front cover. It is a typical scene in the house of our cover artist, M. B. Critchlow. His two sons, David and Keith, get down to a game of chess (too hard for father) whenever they can spare the time which is strictly rationed between football, swimming and hockey. Father prefers less intellectual games. He likes golf (handicap), snooker (scratch), and fishing (little time and no fish anyway). David, the eldest boy wants to be an architect. Keith is keen on becoming a painter like dad. A picture of the boys, painted by Critchlow, has been exhibited at the Royal Academy. Says father: "To sketch my boys I have to wait till they're playing chess. It is the only time they stay still!"

THE CREAM OF SALAD CREAMS

Said the Crab—

It's a pity to crab a Crab Salad for the lack of a good salad cream

always ask for

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SALAD CREAM

1/- PER BOTTLE

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Price 1/- per ½-lb.

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GELATINE

GUARANTEED PURE FOOD

When you're so fed-up you could throw things—what you need is to relax with a nice hot cup of Rowntree's Cocoa. There's nothing like it to soothe and comfort your nerves.

Rowntree's Cocoa—Grateful and Comforting

¼ lb. 5½d.; ½ lb. 10d.; 1 lb. 1/7d.

..but I've got a tin of **NESCAFÉ!**

It's only human to show off when you've secured a tin of Nescafé. For we are still unable to keep pace with growing demand. But isn't it worth looking for! You can make, straight in the cup, in a jiffy, stimulating, full-flavoured coffee. No grounds; no bother; no coffee-pot to wash. Just sheer enjoyment from a really *good* cup of coffee.

NESCAFÉ IS A SOLUBLE COFFEE PRODUCT composed of coffee solids, with dextrine, maltose and dextrose, added to retain the aroma.

18

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We keep the flavour *in*

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Scott's *porage* Oats

THE *DOUBLE QUICK* HOT BREAKFAST

'V.P. —very good, Sir'

V.P. POINT BRAND **wines**

Ask for

V.P. RICH RUBY
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V.P. BRITISH SHERRY
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Recovery hastened
by raising the patient's metabolic rate ★

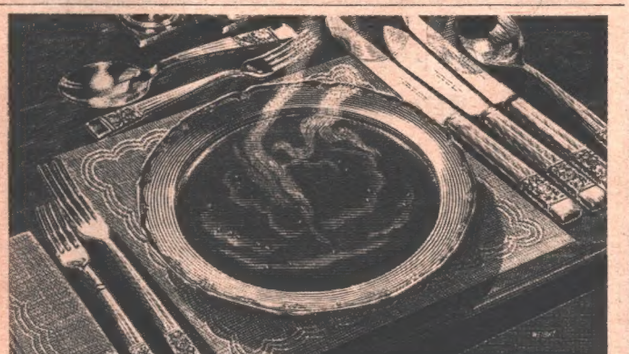
★ Everyone should know about the metabolic rate

We all have a metabolic rate. It means simply our "living rate"—the rate at which our body digests food and absorbs nourishment from it. One of the after-effects of illness is a slowing down of this "living rate."

DURING illness the bodily processes which are constantly going on inside us—known to doctors as our metabolism—go at a slower pace.

Before the patient can start to feel well, this metabolic rate must be quickened. Food is needed to raise this, but the difficulty usually is the patient has no desire for food. Doctors therefore recommend light, digestible soups or meat extracts. Tests at a famous institute have shown that, of these, Brand's Essence is outstandingly successful in raising metabolism. Brand's Essence, too, is always *tempting*. A spoonful has an immediate stimulating effect, and when appetite begins to return, complete recovery is not far off. Brand's Essence costs 3/-.

Brand's Essence



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"WHAT'S THAT?"

—you'll feed me on CHAPPIE whenever you can?

You know how much your dog's fitness, and consequently his spirits, depend on his diet. So give him Chappie whenever you can. It's his meat diet balanced to the best advantage.

1/- a tin

"CHAPPIE" DOG FOOD

THIS FOOD RELIEVES CONSTIPATION

— neither a drug nor a medicine, but a crisp, delicious breakfast cereal

CONSTIPATION is affecting many more of us these days, for two reasons—the strain of daily life, and the soft modern food we eat.

Most of our meals don't contain the *bulk* they should. In consequence, the intestinal muscles become lazy and out of the habit of working naturally. We get constipated.

The best way to combat this condition is to get more bulk into your diet. Start by eating delicious crispy Kellogg's All-Bran at breakfast time. This health-giving cereal will give those lazy, sluggish intestinal muscles something to take hold of. The bulk provided by Kellogg's All-Bran will get these muscles working and keep them working normally and regularly.

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As fixed by The Scotch Whisky Assoc.

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They certainly are! Just chunks of sheer delicious goodness made with chocolate to sustain, glucose to energise, milk to nourish.

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12/6 THE BOTTLE

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TO H.M. THE KING

Grown, shipped and bottled by the
EMU WINE CO. LTD., LONDON
Vineyards, Morphett Vale, South Australia.

JOHN BULL HAS A PLAN FOR

BEATING THE "BLACK" BUILDER

Mr. A. A. Saunders, Housing Production Co-ordinator; Mr. H. Symon, Ministry of Health; Mr. Bevan; Mr. H. H. Montgomerie and Mr. A. J. Filer, Ministry of Works . . . all puzzled

"EXTREMELY SERIOUS" black-market operations in the building industry have been attacked by Aneurin Bevan himself. He spoke frankly, at a recent London conference, of "large-scale frittering away of men and materials" which should be concentrated on building new homes.

What is really going on? How is it possible, with the controls that exist, for such "frittering" to happen?

John Bull determined to find out. Extensive inquiries were made by our Special Representative, and the results are published here. Bevan has promised more prosecutions of "black" builders; stiffer penalties for those caught.

John Bull goes further. It gives the facts behind the building black market and puts forward a practical ten-point plan to beat it.

THE EDITOR

ALMOST AS SOON AS Aneurin Bevan took office as Minister of Health, permanent officials warned him of the possibility of a black market in housing.

Today that black market exists, as he, himself has declared. It is making a lot of money for builders and contractors who are willing to help the wealthy to jump the queues.

The Minister is worried about it. Conferences are earnestly held between the Ministries concerned, the police, and the Director of Public Prosecutions. Speeches are made. Threats are uttered.

But the black-market repairs are done; the black-market paint is slapped on; and even black-market houses go up.

The ordinary citizen, with neither the means nor the lack of morals to engage in this illegal business, looks at his own war-battered house, with its peeling paint and sketchy repairs, and asks himself these questions:—

"How can they get away with it? How is it possible in face of explicit and detailed regulations, for thousands of pounds of illicit building and repairs to be done? How on earth can a house be repaired—or even built—in open daylight when the authorities have expressly forbidden the work to be done?"

This is how it is done.

It is a story of greed, selfishness and irresponsibility on the one hand, and lax regulations, obsolete administrative machinery and lack of staff on the other.

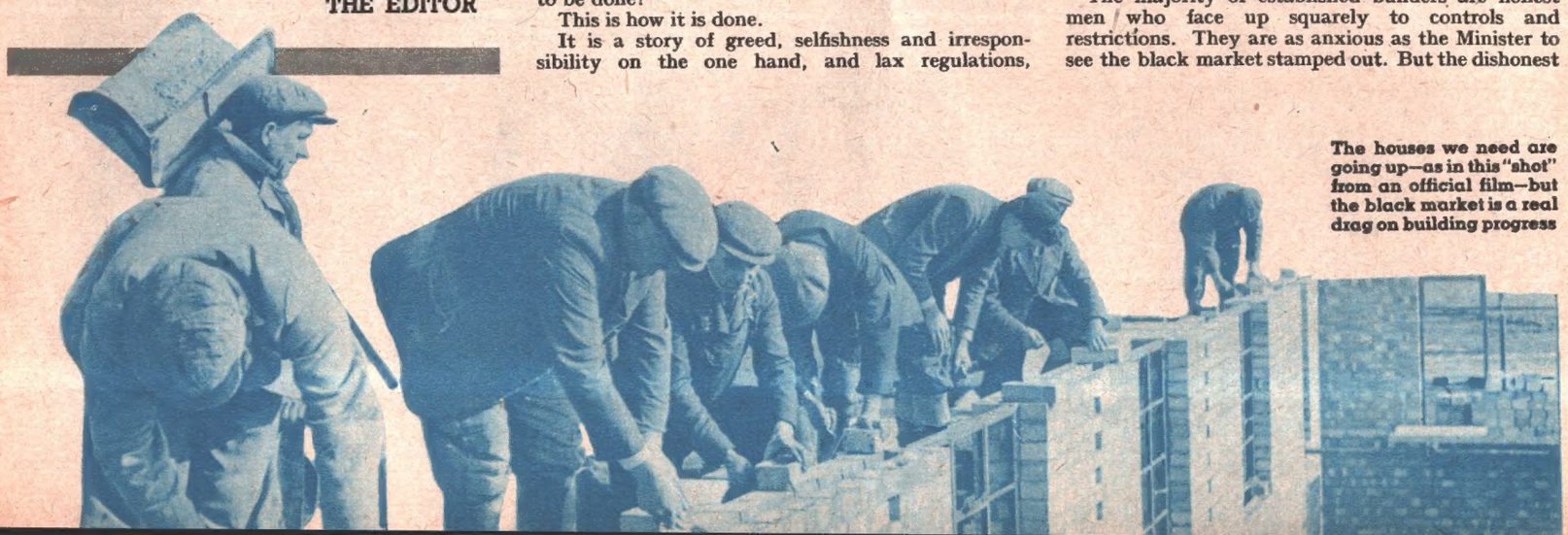
And perhaps the story may as well start just a year ago when Bevan hopefully pointed to the flow of building and allied trades labour which was then streaming back from the Services to civilian life. Where is this "mass of new labour" to which the Minister referred? Certainly not engaged wholeheartedly in the drive to build new houses for the homeless.

In the last few months between 37,000 and 40,000 building operatives have been "lost" to the industry so far as their pre-war jobs or employers are concerned.

Most of them have taken advantage of the Government regulation which permits anyone—provided he has not been convicted of a crime—to register himself overnight as a "master builder." No matter whether he had been fish-fryer, clerk, scavenger—once the "master builder-to-be" fills in the form, then the Ministry of Works recognizes him.

Since the beginning of last May, 35,838 new building firms have been registered. The number of firms in the industry has doubled in seven months. Here, obviously, is a ready source of recruits to the profitable building black market.

The majority of established builders are honest men who face up squarely to controls and restrictions. They are as anxious as the Minister to see the black market stamped out. But the dishonest



The houses we need are going up—as in this "shot" from an official film—but the black market is a real drag on building progress

minority are exceedingly well organized and, since the "master builder" certificate is so easy to obtain, there is no lack of newcomers weak or unscrupulous enough to join them.

To build or repair houses, materials are required—and materials, as everyone knows, are strictly controlled. The ordinary householder, in search of a pot of paint or a length of timber, knows how exasperating these regulations can be.

In May last, wholesale firms of builders' agents were prohibited from supplying some seventy different classes of building material unless specially authorized for priority housing work.

This is where Materials Loophole No. 1 begins to work.

Builders with priority housing contracts obtain their material by completing in triplicate a form called "W.B.A." Issued by the Ministry of Works, this authorizes wholesalers to supply specified material—and bears a code number. The form is to be used for one job only.

Yet there is nothing except his conscience to stop the builder with a black-market sideline from sending orders for the same goods to half a dozen supplying firms, quoting his "W.B.A." code number to each, and so obtaining an unauthorized surplus of material.

These unauthorized supplies sell for sky-high prices, even if the builder does not wish to use them himself.

No Check on Prices

Then again the black-market builder is able to look for his supplies to the firms which, in more ample days, accumulated large stocks of building material and deliberately stored them against the time when an acute shortage would arise. There is no check on the prices which may be paid for these hoarded stocks of pre-war materials.

And the prospective black-market builder can also deal with many firms which, during the last two years of the war, used shrewd buyers to acquire large stocks of Government surplus stores.

Lower down in the scale of social immorality we come to the belt where plain theft is the source of illicit building material. Vanloads of building material are constantly being stolen. Not long ago nineteen cases of such thefts were reported.

Robbers have fallen upon Government building sites and stolen, not jewels, furs or whisky, but timber, cement, plaster, bricks, paint. This is the new currency of crime. Only a few days ago a truck, loaded with supplies urgently needed for a Ministry contract, was found "emptied in transit."

The booty consisted of baths, washbasins, tiles. Strange items for a burglar's bag—but valuable commodities in the building black market.

And the haul of 20,000 new bricks from a depot in Essex recently was just as good a bet for the thieves as a smash-and-grab attempt in London's Bond Street. Ministry of Works officials are already pressing the necessity of constant and efficient watchmen at all sites where stocks of building material are stored.

When all these sources of illicit material are considered, together with the easy way in which unqualified individuals may register themselves as "master builders," it becomes clear that if the buyer has the necessary cash there is no bottleneck in the available supply of black-market material.

At this point the "black" builder, assured of his supplies might be expected to face new difficulties from the regulation which forbids anyone to undertake without a licence house repairs which cost more than £10.

What often happens? He knows the private householders with money to spend; business men with shabby offices; dance-hall proprietors, thirsting for a little extra glamour on the dance floor; restaurateurs who want to serve food against an agreeable background; club proprietors who rely on "atmosphere"; all these people are only too willing to pay three or four times the normal work-rate provided they can get the transformation scene staged as quickly as possible.

So, assured of a customer who will pay up cheerfully and ask no questions, the black-market builder and decorator follows the routine he has evolved to meet such cases.

He knows it is useless applying for an official licence for such work, unless it can be deemed essential. So this is how he goes about it.

He has been approached by a club in the West End of London. Business is booming. The clientele is exceptional. There is plenty of money in the till.

But the proprietor knows that his club looks rather shabby. New decorations, new lighting fixtures, are needed. He meets a "canvasser," who assures him that the whole thing can be arranged smoothly and swiftly.

The canvasser points out that since the Ministry of Works possesses only a limited number of inspectors, and since thousands upon thousands of legitimate jobs are in progress, there is little chance of an inspector swooping down on this particular job.

Possibly the proprietor is still nervous. The canvasser then emphasizes the fact that if awkward questions are to be asked, the perfect answer is that the work is not being paid for. That the plasterers, painters, electricians are merely friends of the club employees, lending a willing hand to keep their "pals" in a job.

For the fact is that so long as the proprietor can obtain the materials—and I have explained where they can be found—there is nothing to stop the proprietor redecorating his place without PAID labour.

No book entries of wages need be kept.

And even if the Ministry should prove pertinacious the canvasser is certain that either no action would be taken, or, in the event of proceedings, a fine would be imposed.

In this instance the club proprietor was convinced. His premises were smartly decorated, ceilings painted, modern electric fittings introduced.

He paid heavily for the work. The builder was satisfied. The proprietor was satisfied. The customers were satisfied—because they had a smarter, more elegant club.

And possibly the blare of the band drowned the voice of conscience which might well have persuaded any of them to ask themselves: "Is this fair on the thousands who are waiting for homes? Are we entitled to divert materials and supplies which might help on our housing drive?"

But "black" building is not restricted to the smarter and shadier parts of the metropolis. Owners of seaside boarding-houses have made heavy calls on the same source this past summer season.

Their calls did not go unanswered.

One large guest-house was completely reconditioned, inside and out. So flagrantly was the work done that an anonymous complaint reached the local authorities.

"Licence?" said the owner when he was questioned. "But I didn't need one. I did up the place myself with the aid of friends who have stayed here this season."

Actually he had paid about £150 in wages. Paid in untraceable notes.

In the Home Counties stands a mansion which received no war damage at all. The house needed redecoration so the owner applied to the local council for a licence. Rightly, the local authorities refused it.

The "Chauffeur" Helped

The owner adopted the black-market method. The "gardener" helped. The "chauffeur" helped. Even the local paperhanger helped. And the house was handsomely reconditioned.

Sometimes the builders, after starting work with an official licence, find that they cannot complete the repairs or redecorations for which they have contracted, without leaving other unscheduled requirements unfinished.

Piously they wash their hands of the "unfinished" job. It isn't their fault. It is the Government's lack of enterprise and understanding. But along comes a broad-minded friend who takes over the rest of the job at an excessive fee—which includes the responsibility of facing the music should the Ministry inspector get to know.

Many municipalities are alive to these abuses—and wish they had more power to deal with them directly.

At Plymouth, where quite a lot of black-market work is going on, Alderman W. A. Miller, chairman of the Housing Committee, told me:—

"From our own observations a large percentage

Alderman W. A. Miller (centre) has a parley with Health Ministry official Sir William Douglas and a council builder. A big percentage of private building is done with black-market materials, says Miller

of the private work being done here is being done with black-market materials. It has been put as high as eighty per cent."

He said that cases had been reported where war-damaged houses, repaired and decorated, had been sold at inflated prices even before the work had been completed.

In one of the best shopping centres in a large midlands town, a costumier has had his office redecorated, shop-front altered, interior refitted, fresh shelves, cupboards and partitions built—all without a licence.

Just £240 under the counter—that was all that was needed.

Now, what are we doing about punishing the people who are caught operating this abuse which strikes directly at the needs of the homeless?

We are not doing nearly enough.

Last March heavy penalties under Defence Regulations were made possible. Yet when cases are brought to court a fine is the usual punishment—and a fine, in view of the profits being made, is no deterrent at all.

Not enough complaints from the public are finding a sequel in court convictions. Of nearly 9,000 "black" complaints and allegations sent to the Ministry of Works in the last few months, only about one in every hundred has been investigated sufficiently to bring the subject of the complaint before a magistrate.

Local councils, most closely in touch with conditions in their own areas, are beginning to feel that they should be given greater powers to take direct action against offenders.

As it is, whenever a local council receives a complaint, the details must be forwarded to the Ministry of Works Regional H.Q. Officials there scrutinize the report and submit it to the main H.Q. of the Ministry of Works at Lambeth, London, where there are not enough investigators to deal with the number of complaints pouring in.

Local Convictions Needed

Even when the main H.Q. investigators approve, the last word is left with the Director of Public Prosecutions, who, under Defence Regulations, remains the only authority to order proceedings to start.

And since funds at his disposal are limited, he only proceeds when a conviction is practically certain.

What this all boils down to is that the stage-by-stage machinery makes it easier for a dozen black marketeers to get away with their schemes while the whole process of justice is being concentrated on the unlucky thirteenth.

That is why vigorous municipalities believe that *local* retribution should fall upon the guilty men the moment the facts are *locally* established.

This view was summarized for me by Councillor C. W. Ridley, Chairman of Southgate Town Planning Committee. He said that Southgate Council intends to band together with other councils and press for the necessary power to institute direct proceedings against offenders.

"We have reported several cases of black-market building," he complains, "but the Public Prosecutor is too busy to deal with them."

Now so far this has been a sad and shoddy story of the greedy few who are making illicit money out of the needs of the homeless many. Is there anything positive we can do to frustrate this most alarming and prosperous of all post-war scandals?

We must act immediately on the ten suggestions given on this page.

It isn't easy to beat any black market. We have only to see what is happening in food, clothes, currency, all over Europe.

But what happens in the building trade affects our future lives far more than anything which may be going on with perfume, jewels, furs, silk stockings, wines.

While these people continue to make their corner in bricks and mortar, we shall wait all the longer for our new homes.

WILLIAM J. GAGE

JOHN BULL'S 10 POINTS

This is the ten-point plan put forward by John Bull to beat the "black" builder. If we act now we CAN prevent the misappropriation of labour and materials needed for new homes

1. A local council must not be allowed to issue a licence until a competent official has scrutinized the specifications, weighed the whole merit of the application, and has consulted all parties concerned in the project. Only in special and urgent circumstances should labour and materials be licensed for use in reconditioning luxury flats, hotels, boarding houses or private "mansion" residences.

2. It must be made an offence for the W.B.A. priority supply form to be used for more than one job.

3. We must increase the number of Ministry of Works investigators at headquarters and in the regional areas.

4. Local authorities must be given power to proceed directly against building black marketeers.

5. Wherever a licence is given for repair work, that licence must be compulsorily and conspicuously displayed on the site.

6. The "master builder" system of registration must be drastically revised.

7. Licences must be issued more speedily to builders who can prove that they have sufficient legitimately-obtained materials to get on with the job.

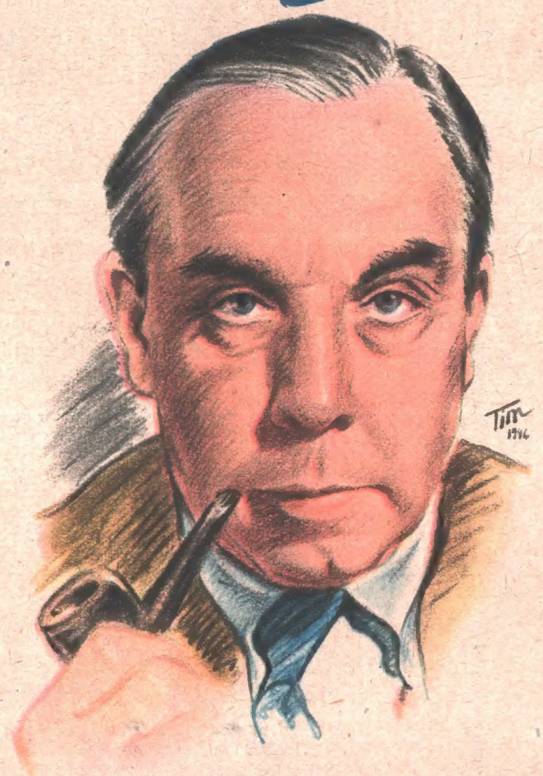
8. Only experienced and practical men should be employed in official administrative posts—men with a knowledge of the trade as well as of official procedure.

9. Magistrates should be urged by special memoranda to inflict heavier penalties on all serious offenders. (Under new regulations, a judge can send an offender to penal servitude and a magistrate can inflict a sentence of one year's imprisonment.)

10. Housing administration should be speeded up generally by making one department, headed directly by a practical man, responsible for the co-ordination of the whole programme. (At the moment the Minister of Health has to consult the Ministry of Labour about workers; the Ministry of Works about temporary houses; the Ministry of Town and Country Planning about sites; the Ministry of Supply about housing complaints—and so on.)

Priestley's Page

J. B. Priestley gives his views on current questions in this new John Bull feature. He has complete freedom to say what he likes. He is unable to deal with correspondence with readers, whose questions should be sent to John Bull (preferably on a postcard), care of the Editor



Colour portrait specially drawn for John Bull by "Tim"

"Is there any danger of our becoming too much Americanized?"

Yes, there is. Hollywood has had far too great an influence on our young people.

Much of our light entertainment is more American than British, and it is not even good American. I like America and the Americans, but I cannot see why we should adopt some of their worst mannerisms, why we should call food "eats," and why our young women should imitate, for our entertainment, these whining nasal accents of self-pity.

The music hall of my youth was thoroughly British and gloriously alive, but now variety, on and off the air, is semi-American and half dead. The B.B.C. has catered far too much for this taste for second-rate American products. And a certain section of our Press—which, ironically enough, prides itself on being almost blatantly British—constantly over-emphasizes the importance of the American scene, and is always ready to give far more space to Broadway and Hollywood than it is to Shaftesbury Avenue and Denham.

Towards the end of the war, the West End of London began to look more like Cleveland, Ohio, or St. Louis than the ancient capital of this famous kingdom, and I cannot believe that this tawdry transformation did anything to raise our prestige in the minds of the American troops who were here. (Which may partly account for the fact that most of these young men behaved very differently here from the way they behave at home.)

The trouble is, that what is best in American life is not offered for export, so that we are being influenced by what is second- or third-rate there, chiefly for commercial reasons. We should strongly resist this.

"What minor British institution annoys you most?"

Railway refreshment rooms, with their glass cases of dreary buns and sandwiches, their stewed tea, their wet counters and bored waitresses.

More than eighty years ago, Dickens denounced these places, and most of them are little different from what they were in his time. The managing directors of our railways ought to be compelled to try to eat all their meals in these refreshment rooms until they made a solemn vow to improve them.

It is not necessary that railway refreshment rooms should look and behave like that: they don't in other countries. (I think my own favourite is the one in Lucerne. I would rather dine there than in any restaurant or hotel in the whole of Britain.)

I realize that at the moment we are probably not in a position to reorganize these places, but I hope the railway companies have made their plans—and only propose to retain a few of the existing refreshment rooms as astonishing Victorian relics.

"What do you think of the B.B.C.'s Third Programme?"

Not very much, I am afraid.

The B.B.C. should have arranged one programme to appeal to people who are specially interested in the art of broadcasting, and this programme should have been devised to include all manner of experiments in radio.

But so far as I can discover, all that the Third Programme does is to hand out great slabs of highbrow or semi-highbrow stuff—opera in full and Shaw without cuts—that the average listener does not want. This seems to me to have little to do with the special art of broadcasting. It leaves it where it found it.

What was wanted was something like the American Columbia Company's "Workshop," which offered programmes that were designed to appeal to the listener who understands that radio is a special medium and has its own technique. Quantity is no substitute for quality.

I would like to have had one programme that concentrated entirely on the sheer quality of the broadcasting. Such a programme would have been an example of the art of radio at its best, and all its features—whether talks, drama, or music — would be judged, not on their status somewhere else apart from broadcasting, but as specimens of fine radio technique.

My criticism of the British Broadcasting Corporation is, in short, that it is not sufficiently interested in broadcasting, the very thing that it was organized to do.

"Do you think people are smoking too much nowadays?"

Probably, although I am a heavy smoker myself.

My own objection to most people's smoking habit is that it is altogether too much of a habit, too mechanical, quite uninformed by any real taste. Thus, although there is an ever greater consumption of tobacco, there are fewer and fewer people who know or care anything about tobacco.

The old-fashioned tobacconist used to be a bit of an expert who tried to discover what suited the taste of his customers. (A few of them linger on, especially in the north.) But now bored girls, who would not know the difference between Virginian flake and the best Latakia, merely push across the counter packets of cigarettes to people who have never tried to form any taste in tobacco and who do not know what they are smoking.

These people, I fancy, receive little conscious pleasure from smoking but puff away in order to free themselves from the irritation of not smoking.

For my part I may smoke too much, but I do enjoy my tobacco and do know the difference between good and bad kinds and do take an interest in this rather expensive hobby.

Before you non-smokers blame us for spending so much on tobacco, you might remember that most of our money is going into the Treasury, and that if we did not pay out so much, then your particular luxuries might cost you a great deal more.

Finally, I think that all people in receipt of an Old Age or similar pension should also receive coupons entitling them to buy tobacco at a greatly reduced price. The present high duty is very unfair to poor, elderly people.

Howard Hughes—Americans estimate bank roll at about forty million pounds

Jean Harlow, blonde bombshell of the thirties, was Hughes's first discovery

Latest find, Jane Russell, stars in "The Outlaw." Film caused a stir about decency

THE PLAYBOY WHO MADE MILLIONS

Hollywood's most banned film arrives and gets a "U" certificate here—making one more bizarre incident in Howard Hughes' life

by HUBERT COLE

THERE HAS BEEN A great deal of talk lately about the banning of British films in America. Yet the film that has been banned for the longest period was American-made, and is now due to be shown in this country.

The film is *The Outlaw*, which has been held up for the past five years by arguments about its "decency." Launching Jane Russell in *The Outlaw* is the latest business venture of multi-millionaire Howard Hughes and, like everything connected with Hughes, has more than one peculiar aspect.

He is a conglomeration of newsworthy paradoxes: the shy man who is always hitting the headlines; the alleged playboy who converted a modest inherited fortune into nearly two hundred million dollars; the engineering magnate who invaded Hollywood and produced some of its most outstanding pictures; the aircraft designer who beats world records in his own planes.

This very retiring, rather deaf, tall Texan nearly killed himself when trying out a new plane in July and, while in hospital, received calls from such diverse characters as Lana Turner and General Carl Spaatz, and a letter from President Truman.

Flier at Fourteen

Hughes was born in Texas in 1905. His father was an engineer who had formed a company to produce rock-drills for oil wells. Howard inherited his father's interest in engineering. At fourteen he learned to fly. Before he was eighteen he accompanied his father on holiday to Hollywood.

During that holiday trip, Hughes visited many of the studios by day. But at night, while his father patronized the restaurants and cafes, Howard was locked in his hotel room.

So, one night, film director Marshall Nielan, his father's friend, returned to the hotel; he climbed to Howard's bedroom with the aid of a ladder and released him. The young man appears to have been favourably impressed by this first taste of the delights of Hollywood night life. A short time afterwards, the elder Hughes died, and Howard quickly contacted Nielan, financed a picture which Nielan directed, and made £25,000.

Finding this a profitable as well as amusing hobby, Hughes made two or three more reasonably priced pictures and then launched forth with a spectacular flying film. He had completed it as a silent film at a cost of over one and a half million dollars when talkies arrived. He re-made it.

The leading lady of the silent version could not speak English well enough to appear in a talkie. Hughes found himself a new leading lady who had until then earned her living at the receiving end of the custard-pies in Hal Roach comedies.

Hollywood meanwhile was having great fun at the expense of this rich young sucker who was both producing and directing a fabulously expensive film with very little experience, and had chosen an unknown young actress as its star.

The film was, of course, *Hell's Angels*. The young girl from the custard-pie comedies was Jean Harlow. . . . Hughes went on to make other films, notably *Scarface* and *The Front Page*—but still he and Hollywood were at war. He claimed that independent producers like himself were being victimized by the big companies and their censorship board (and, a decade or so later, he is still saying the same thing with reference to *The Outlaw*). He threatened to make a picture called *Queer People*, a satire on Hollywood and its denizens. To date, he has not made it.

His attitude to film-making has always alternated violently between the intense and the off-handed. A friend, trying to persuade him to return to films during the long period that he was away from them, said: "There's a lot of money in that business, Howard." "Yes," replied Hughes, "and most of it is mine."

While willing to confess to financial losses (which probably did not occur) in film-making, Hughes wants there to be no mistake about his ability to make money as an engineer, designer and business executive. Denying stories that his father's death brought him a large fortune, Hughes states that all he got was a seventy-five per cent interest in a business worth a little over £160,000.

This, though it may look like plenty of pounds to you and me, is a mere trifle to the fortune Hughes has amassed since then. He is now said to have somewhere between one hundred and fifty and two hundred million dollars—roughly forty to fifty million pounds.

Cockpit to Night Club

His business interests, apart from the tool factory with which he started, now include the biggest brewery in Texas, the controlling shares in the TWA airline, a Hollywood production company, and the world's largest flying boat, which is now being assembled to his own design.

The Lightning P38 was based on Hughes's original designs, and he was largely responsible for the design of the Constellation air liners. He has made many flying records.

Leaving Los Angeles one afternoon in 1936, he landed at New York soon after midnight—a record flight—and, with his flair for the sensationally casual remark, announced: "I feel fine and am going to a night club before dawn."

The seaplane which he is now constructing in collaboration with Henry Kaiser has been four years in preparation. It is intended to carry seven hundred troops or sixty tons of cargo three thousand miles at a top speed of 280 miles an hour.

What he thinks about all his exploits nobody knows. He just does not talk about them. Neither is he interested in money, as such. He has no permanent home, makes do with only four hours sleep a night, drinks quarts of milk despite his ownership of the Texan brewery, and has never remarried since his youthful divorce, though his name has been associated with those of many film stars, including Katharine Hepburn, Ginger Rogers and Lana Turner.

To Americans he is a figure of romance—adventurous, vastly successful in everything he touches, unpredictable; the fabulously rich millionaire who, having crashed himself into hospital, convalesces with the aid of a specially constructed bed with thirty electric motors and a battery of push-buttons that do everything from steering the bed across the room to turning on the built-in hot and cold water.

But England has reserved a final surprise for Hughes. The British Board of Film Censors, with a rare touch of humour, has inspected the much-banned *Outlaw* film—and given it a "U" certificate.

I doubt if even Hughes will be able to get over the shock of finding his latest "sensational" picture branded as one fit to be seen by children!

ON THE TRAIL OF TOMORROW (4)

Continuing his search for the shape of tomorrow, John Bull's Special Correspondent goes to Wales. Light industries, he finds, have created a labour force of young women, but the dread spectre of unemployment still haunts the Rhondda miner today, in spite of the urgent national demand for bigger coal output

Cardiff, with its civic centre, is impressive. Beckles was more impressed by a symbol of the Wales of tomorrow — "the smartly-dressed girls who seemed to symbolize a farewell to yesterday"

STIR IN THE VALLEYS

by GORDON BECKLES

I AM NOT A WELSHMAN, and—as far as I know—have not one drop of Welsh blood in my veins.

If I had, I would probably be tempted to start this story from Cardiff by being fiery and controversial about coal and unemployment, those twin nightmares of Wales for so long past.

I have been listening, all afternoon long, to Welshmen in a club arguing passionately about these topics, alas, without hearing one new thing said. No, my job is to keep my eyes on the future.

Cardiff: it is a fascinating city. I like its shops, its planning, its endless arcades and markets and its civic centre, which almost looks as if it had been transplanted entire from the Champs Elysées. I know it is all just a façade for the realities of *"the Rhondda"*—two words apt to be uttered so often as if they referred to a dread spectre rather than to a valley leading up into the mountains.

The people in Cardiff's streets on a Saturday afternoon are as mixed as any in Britain; and of them all, those that most intrigue me are the hundreds upon hundreds of young girls walking in pairs—all about sixteen and smallish, all looking like sisters, most of them pretty and nearly all smartly dressed.

And it is these children who seem, in an odd way, to symbolize Wales's "tomorrow," and its farewell to "yesterday."

★ ★ ★

The story starts on the theme of plumbing.

In the U.S.A., plumbing gave Americans bathrooms so luxurious that they became part domestic shrine and part measure of a family's status; in Wales, plumbing has helped to start a social revolution.

Now, in the old days, when a miner came off the shift, he walked home as he had left the mine, covered with coal dust. There he found his household in its daily ferment. Pans of hot water were on the stove; if there were sons in the family, then the daughters assisted in the ceremony of soaping, scrubbing and pouring of water over naked bodies.

The miner's wife led a life only made possible for her through the help of her daughters.

Daughters seldom went out to work, even if there was any work nearer than domestic labour in the cities; it was a matter of pride and tradition.

"The family was a thing on its own," an old miner told me in Pontypridd, "just as a valley was a place on its own. When I was a boy we never thought of visiting the other valleys over the hills. . . ."

They Go Home Clean

Well, there came the day, not so long ago, when new roads began to be built connecting the valleys; and there also came the day when pit-head baths began to be built at the collieries, so that the miners could leave the gates as clean as when they entered.

And so the lot of the miner's wife and daughters was notably eased; now they had leisure.

Today about one-half the collieries centred around Cardiff have pit-head baths; in the near tomorrow all will have such logical facilities.

★ ★ ★

The story now shifts a few years back to the days when Hitler was causing many a rich and clever Middle European to pack his bag at midnight and make for the nearest friendly border.

Many of these men, as we know, came to England, bringing with them their craft secrets.

What strange destiny led some 1937 refugees to these narrow valleys where for centuries nothing had been produced but coal, hunger, fear, disaster and the sad music of Welsh voices?

These Austrian, German and Czech refugees from another kind of fear, with a handful of traders encouraged by Government aid in 1938, are now threatening to change the character of the valleys.

My friend's summing-up in Pontypridd was: "It was not respectable for the women-folk to *go* to work in the old days. Now it is not respectable to be *out* of work."

I chose Treforest as a sample of what foreign enterprise, Government encouragement, the accidental stimulus of war and a plenitude of female labour has done to shape the future of Wales.

When I was last here, some ten years ago, this valley leading to the broader gorges of the Rhondda was a country area on the outer fringe of Cardiff. It was autumn, then, too, and the slopes of the valley were red and russet, and "the Garth" towered like a bracken-patched Gibraltar above this sea-end of the valleys.

Might be Hollywood

A turn in the winding road disclosed a surprising panorama.

I could describe it as a strip torn off the Great West Road of London, or, because of the freshly painted whiteness of the buildings, a suburb of Hollywood: but this was Treforest.

The first factories to invade the area in 1937 made typewriter ribbons and various things known on the market as "Viennese fancy goods." They employed some thousand men and thousand women. A modest invasion.

Little could they have dreamed, these pioneers, that Hitler and his bombs were still hot on the trail. From 1940 onwards, dispersal of factories was the order of the day for industrial Britain. Treforest was absorbed by the Ministry of Aircraft Production. More factories arose. At the peak of its war work the estate was employing about 16,000 workers in three shifts.

Today, a year after the peak, there are some 9,000 employed—mostly women and girls from the villages of the valleys — making perambulators, cigarette papers, spectacle frames, glassware, sparking plugs, plastics and artificial jewellery.

★ ★ ★

I talked to one of the girls employed on this estate, an auburn-haired child of seventeen earning 32s. a week in one of the offices. Her father and grandfather had been miners; she came by bus from a village about six miles up the valley. She looked so healthy and happy that I thought at once of her sisters working in sprawling London, travelling upwards of two hours a day to get to their jobs.

This kid could look out of her window at two farms on the hillside not half a mile away. The building she worked in was beautifully lit and warmed. She had never smoked a cigarette, but

Beckles talks with youngsters at a new factory where many girls of the valleys have found work . . .

. . . and chats to a young mother. The big question: is the colliery the key to this baby's future?

went down to Cardiff (about half an hour in the bus) once a week to the cinema.

Later that day, on the way back from Merthyr, I passed Treforest in the darkness.

It dies at night, as all factory areas should do; there is no plan to build workers' homes within sight of work.

★ ★ ★

Is Treforest going to be the only one of its kind?

Decidedly not; all over South Wales there are Government-sponsored and Government-approved factory schemes; there are actually 213 projects for new factories, for the building or converting of which the Government is paying roughly seventy-five per cent of the cost.

"The idea is not to have any one factory centre any bigger than Treforest," explained one of the Government planners. "We aim to string the factories out, groups of two or three small ones in isolated sites. Or possibly one bigger factory.

"One exception will be at Swansea, where we have started on a 150-acre estate where the same wide range of products will be made.

"The scheme is up to schedule. We aim at about three years—and to absorb all the present unemployed, who are about 70,000 just now, and with luck a good deal more."

★ ★ ★

Now, up to mention of that "70,000," I may have given you the impression that everything in the garden is lovely down here. Far from it.

Come farther away from Cardiff and you get to towns and villages that have not seen a new building this side of a half-century. The scene is all too familiar; the gaunt pit-head skeletons against the sky; the drab streets with their clean and starched curtains and aspidistras; the chapels outnumbering the public-houses four to one.

And you also see the sight of men idling on street corners in those dejected poses that mean only one thing: unemployment.

Why so much unemployment?

The Welsh character is admirably stubborn and courageous; it is also ebulliently impatient. The present unemployment would seem to be largely due to the change-over from war production, a process hardly a year old. There is in the workless ranks a proportion of miners invalided from the pits by those dread diseases, pneumocosis and silicosis (provision of light work for these men is high on the priority list), plus a lot thrown out because of the closing of war factories, or during the process of their conversion to peace-time work.

It would seem to the outsider a regrettable state of affairs, but temporary and with hope in sight.

Not so to the men in the valleys.

They have been bitten too often in the past, and Government promises—no matter what Government—rouse them to fiery comment.

The truth is that the men of the Rhondda are still coal miners at heart; by heritage; by the comradeship of men who work underground; and perhaps by the innate knowledge that in their hands has lain the real source of Britain's wealth.

Old 'uns Scoff

I heard talk in the villages of "hunger marches" to Whitehall; caustic ribaldry at the expense of Government publicity men and a great deal of chatter on the lines of not being able to save Wales by making paper flags for tin soldiers and glass eyes for wooden dolls—a whimsical jibe at the new light industries being developed.

The older men scoff at the present plans as good only for women and kids.

In Pontypridd I talked to a man who, when I was last up here in 1936, had been unemployed for three years and is unemployed today.

"You ought to see Redvers, and hear what he has to say," he told me. "Redvers is a miner who will never again be able to go down to the pits. His wife and three daughters are working in the new clothing factory, and Redvers has to stay at home and do the washing.

"It was shameful enough to be hanging about the house unemployed in the old days, but it is doubly shameful for a man who has been down the pit to end his days at fifty washing tablecloths and ironing sheets while even his youngest daughter makes more than he does on the dole.

"There are many, many men just like Redvers."

I have avoided, up to now, direct mention of coal, because nothing I heard seemed to be constructive. The position is bad, as we all know; very bad. Last year 177 million tons were mined in Britain as against 300 million tons in 1913.

It's a Muddle

In the year before the war South Wales was exporting at the rate of 19 million tons a year. Now the total is down to about 2 million.

The sprawling docklands of Newport, Cardiff and Swansea are quieter now than perhaps ever before.

The whole muddled position is reminiscent more of Ireland than hard-headed Wales. On the one hand, men bitterly complaining about the new factories being the wrong kind; on the other, about 50,000 a year less men for the mining work.

My ex-miner friend told me of three working miners of his acquaintance who had been saving carefully for years so that their sons would not be obliged to go down the pit.

"Two of them are bound for the university in Cardiff," he said.

★ ★ ★

Does all this sound too dismal a prospect for tomorrow?

For the immediate future, yes, there will be hard years; in the long run, I would take a reasonable bet that it will work out.

When you hear the talk you wonder whether many of the miners themselves have much confidence in the future of coal. They seize on every item of news—from atomic energy down to the newest oil-burning G.W.R. railway engine—to bolster their prophecy that coal has "had it."

While I have been down here it has mostly been on the announcement of the Southern Railway's £15 million electrification plans.

If I heard it said once, I heard it a score of times: "They say it will save over a million tons of coal a year!"

There is also a lot of talk, highly contradictory and controversial, on the merits of new mechanical methods of coal mining.

★ ★ ★

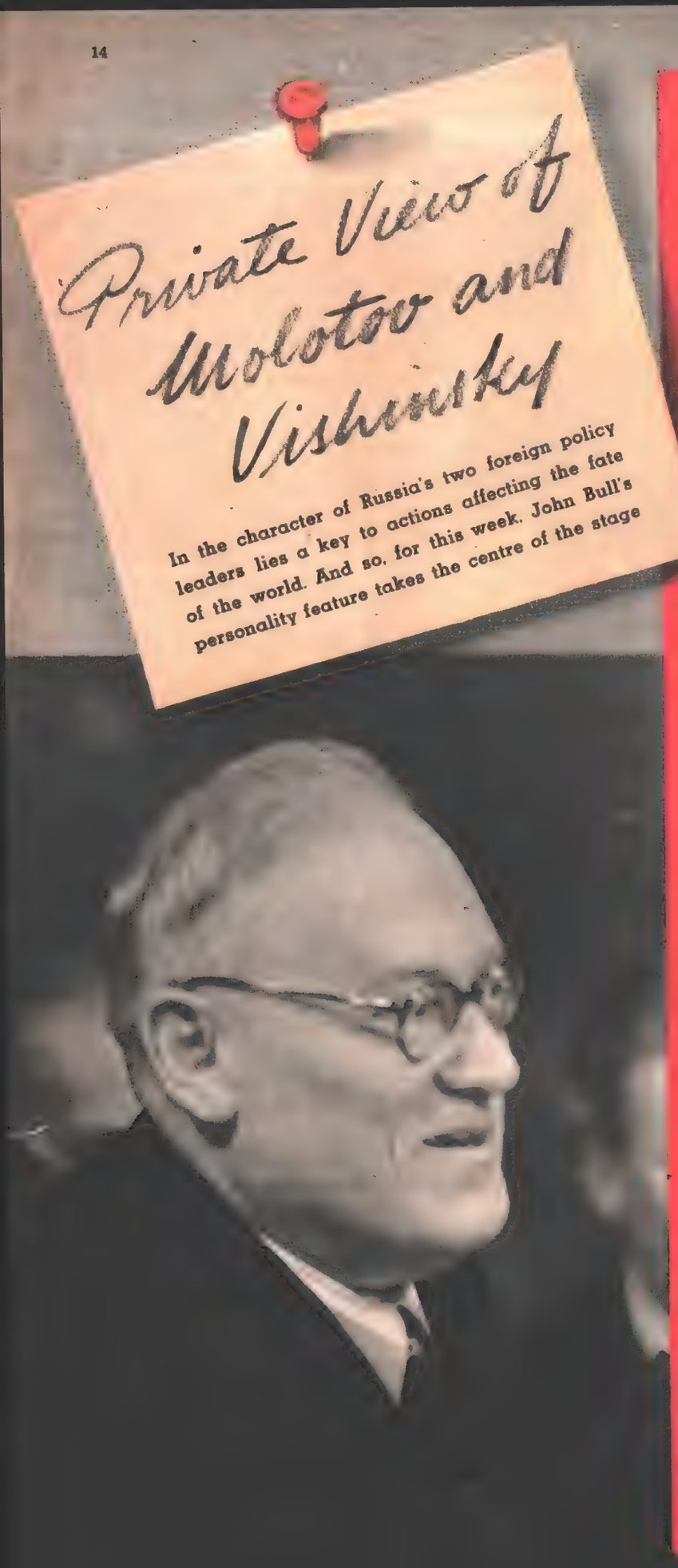
Back in Cardiff, I thought: if lack of incentive is one of the causes of the unpopularity of coal mining, why not better amenities up in the hills?

Why should the spirit of the palaces that are the civic centre stop on the outskirts of Cardiff?

What use to the miner is a palace except, possibly, to stimulate his pride and nationalism?

(Next Week: Tomorrow —in a Seaside Town)

Treforest industrial estate: 9,000 work here. Products range from plastics to perambulators



Private View of Molotov and Vishinsky

In the character of Russia's two foreign policy leaders lies a key to actions affecting the fate of the world. And so, for this week, John Bull's personality feature takes the centre of the stage

THE "NO" ME

A WESTERN DIPLOMAT, speaking with the bitterness of a long and frustrating acquaintance, was discussing Viacheslav Mikhailovich Molotov and Andrei Yanuarevitch Vishinsky, respectively the Foreign Minister and the principal Vice Foreign Minister of the Soviet Union.

"God," said the diplomat, "made Vishinsky to be a fundamentally decent human being. As for Molotov . . ."

The diplomat shook his head, sighed and left unsaid the corollary opinion, held by many, that God made Molotov to be Molotov.

A British diplomat in Paris, where Molotov and Vishinsky exhibited themselves and Soviet foreign policy at the Peace Conference, expressed a feeling common to non-Russians who have had to spend much time with Moscow's Foreign Minister.

"Molotov," he said, "has a face like a football. I always want to kick it."

People Have Tried Everything

This feeling is symptomatic. On the part of those who share it, it is at once a sign and a confession of a failure in human relations. The diplomatic world—the only Western world which has had anything to do with or knows anything of Molotov—is full of people who have tried everything with him and found that nothing works. They have tried simple friendliness; they have tried the distant treatment; they have tried statistics and other forms of what are known to most men as "facts," and have found that the only facts are Molotov's facts. They have tried jokes, music, alcohol. They have tried logic and complete illogic; they have tried courtesy and a discourtesy as brutal and forthright as any ever practised by Molotov himself.

All they have ever got for their pains has been the conviction that the only thing to do with Molotov is to kick him in the face. Nobody has yet tried that.

The feeling for and about Vishinsky is different because he is different. Molotov never gives or yields anything of himself. Vishinsky gives just enough of himself to make Westerners feel that they could like him and that he could like them.

Ernest Bevin has publicly referred to "the friendship between Mr. Vishinsky and myself," and in the past has partly based his policy toward Russia on the hope that this friendship would have some effect. Bevin has probably learned better by now. In the end Vishinsky does not allow anything like a lasting friendship to grow up between him and men from the tainted West. Probably he dare not allow it.

Among his other uses, Vishinsky serves a purpose for which he would be the last to claim credit. He is the perfect counterpoint to Molotov, what airmen would call a "fix," whereby Westerners trying to evaluate the Foreign Minister can establish necessary points of refe fails to provide.

There is nothing l most notable character ness, unrelieved by personality which mak comparable. Other dip or weeks at a table wit sense of staring throug an unresponding enigm

Vishinsky's pale, in alternating periods o lightning awareness, displayed resources of t in debate make of him and remembered. One tendency among diplo Molotov in terms of usually to Molotov's di

This habit makes it occasionally worri concerned with the nic diplomacy than with t tion and journalism. forever indulging in point out that it is no to be esteemed abroad of them go so far a indication of prefere qualified, is a disservi British and American

They assume that a and frowned upon in circumstance may ex avoid any semblanc otherwise, with his habit persists; it has current diplomacy ar

Loy

A first topic of co is really No. 1, Mo people were always lo a favourite answer Vishinsky was the Molotov was only the has dragged so much nalia out from under on top for all to see, t longer popular. Molo what he appears to b and instrument of for

Vishinsky, accordi probably accurate opi to be—Molotov's loya and Soviet prestige. in the Russian Foreig missariat of Foreign Foreign Office. Elsew stands much lower.

For example, he is member of that ce

VISHINSKY

N OF RUSSIA

rence which Molotov signally

miliar about Molotov. His stic is a certain flinty round- the peaks and crannies of men real and visible and mats, after spending days Molotov, have had an eerie h and around but never at

tense and jagged face, his feigned somnolence and his undoubted and often e mind and his sharp facility a whole person, memorable result of this contrast is a mats to think and talk of comparison with Vishinsky, advantage.

Vishinsky unhappy, and s people who are more eties and necessities of world e conveniences of conversa- These gentlemen, who are he comparison themselves, asset to a Russian diplomat —quite the contrary. Some to say that every public ce for Vishinsky, however e not merely to him but to diplomacy.

such expressions are noted Moscow and reason that this lain his studious efforts to of intimacy personal or Western confreres. But the ome to be a stock device of diplomatic reporting.

Inferior

nparison used to be: Who otov or Vishinsky? When king under the Russian bed, as that in foreign affairs true No. 1 after Stalin; front. Now that the USSR f its purposes and parapher- the bed and stacked them his devious supposition is no ov is generally taken to be —Stalin's No. 1 spokesman ign policy.

g to this prevalent and ion, is also what he appears inferior in rank, authority Vishinsky is certainly No. 2 n Office (formerly the Com- Affairs), but only in the here in the Soviet scale he

not and never has been a re of Soviet power, the Politburo. Molotov is a member and has been for years. Even after he became Foreign Commissar, Molotov was for a long time more concerned with internal than with external affairs. He was the Soviet equivalent of the premier before Stalin assumed that post on the eve of the war; he had large responsibilities for the successive Five Year Plans, including both the industrial and agricultural aspects, and his first specific task during the war was to supervise Soviet tank production. Even now domestic affairs take up much of his time and energies when he is not abroad.

At home Vishinsky attends to the detail of running the Foreign Office and keeps an eye on the judiciary, which he did much to shape in its present form. Molotov, with Stalin and their colleagues of the Politburo, attends to the running of all Russia.

The most interesting and revealing comparisons are personal. It has been said that if by some molecular miracle the two men could be made one, the result would be a whole Russian.

Wit Will Out

In private transactions with the diplomats of other nations Molotov hardly ever lightens his air of deadly seriousness. Vishinsky occasionally lets his wit play. Last year, when he was on his way to Rumania with Lord Inverchapel, Archibald Clark Kerr, and Averell Harriman, then the British and American Ambassadors to Moscow, Harriman asked Vishinsky how many votes he thought the Russians' stooge Government in Bucharest would get in an absolutely fair election. Vishinsky for a moment seemed to be nonplussed. Then he smiled and spread the fingers of his right hand, fanwise, as though he was playing a piano. "In an absolutely fair election," he said, "about forty-five per cent. But"—and the two ambassadors saw him flick his little finger downward—"with just a little pressure, ninety per cent."

When such stories are told of Vishinsky, the narrator usually adds that Molotov would never think of doing or saying such a thing.

Molotov has never been known to show the slightest concern for what other people and nations think of him as an individual. Vishinsky sometimes does seem to worry about his personal standing abroad. At a dinner during the Potsdam Conference he fell into conversation with a Briton who speaks excellent Russian and knows a great deal about Russia. Their talk turned to the great purge trials of the late 1930s, in which Vishinsky gained his first international fame as the prosecutor. Vishinsky, who resents his world reputation as the "great inquisitor" of this period, said he was aware that people in other countries thought of him as a butcher who had sent many thousands of men to their deaths. "What you do not realize," he then added, "is that in reality I saved many thousands of lives."

He explained that the ramifications of the plots

MOLOTOV

against Stalin's regime involved thousands upon thousands, so many that "we had to draw the line somewhere." He drew the line and considered that he had saved the thousands on the living side of that line. "So you see," Vishinsky concluded, "I am not such a bad fellow after all."

Molotov is thoroughly but narrowly informed; he is in no sense a cultured man. Vishinsky is cultured in the European sense. He is fluent in French; he more than once has betrayed keen interest in and wide knowledge of French art and literature.

His English is barely adequate. Molotov's is elemental but improving. Both men are better at English than they usually admit; they apparently think it to their advantage to seem helpless when they hear English spoken. At the Paris Conference they obviously followed the British and American statements in English with fair ease.

Molotov's greatest asset, and his most infuriating quality, in international dealings is his invincible and unvarying air of rightness. He never reveals in the smallest degree any doubt that his argument of the moment is the only argument or that the set of facts or alleged facts in use constitutes the only believable knowledge of the subject at hand. He may reverse his argument; he may on one day assert as fact what he has denied a day or a month or a year before, but his conviction never varies.

Probably because he is more intelligent, Vishinsky is more supple and therefore more interesting in debate. He, too, can repeat and repeat and repeat a point with maddening frequency. But he often introduces a personal variation which is, if anything, more galling than Molotov's incessant righteousness. By the tiniest flick of his mouth, Vishinsky can indicate to his adversaries that he knows he is being absurd and then maintain the absurdity with a rigid and impenetrable intensity.

It is characteristic of Molotov and typical of his Marxist indistinction that he changed his name early in his revolutionary career. Pseudonyms were then the revolutionary fashion, and most of Russia's big men who survived the October Revolution bear them now. It is equally characteristic of Vishinsky that he has kept his birth name.

According to the old tsarist encyclopaedia, the Vishinskys are a noble and ancient Polish family. Andrei Vishinsky belongs to an untitled branch of the family.

Vishinsky "Sinned"

Some time after Andrei's birth, his father moved from Kiev to Baku and there became a notary. Notaries in tsarist cities were responsible and privileged dignitaries. In the Baku oilfields, where every business contract had to be certified by a notary at a substantial fee, the elder Vishinsky must have been in the millionaire class. Andrei stayed on at Kiev and studied law there.

Vishinsky's early career gets very little mention in Soviet biographical sources. In Soviet doxology his past contains a shameful sin.

He committed the sin in 1903 when he joined the Menshevik faction of the Social Democratic Party, rivals of the more extremist Bolshevik faction, and he continued to live in ideological heresy until 1920, three years after the Bolsheviks had seized power and damned the Mensheviks as well as the tsarist bourgeoisie and nobility. Vishinsky's Menshevism was fairly active—he was in the thick of the 1905 revolution in the Baku area, and he served a year in prison for his early revolutionary efforts.

He survived these vicissitudes and had won considerable reputation as a criminal lawyer in tsarist Moscow when the 1917 revolution came. Leon Trotsky later said of him that he was in the revolution "on the other side of the barricades." The Bolshevik leader, Lenin, said of his ilk, "For public manifestations of Menshevism our judges must condemn the culprits to death."

Vishinsky escaped that judgment by a belated stratagem. In 1919, two years after the Bolsheviks had taken power, he left the disgraced but not yet outlawed Mensheviks and joined the Red Army. A year of unrecorded and presumably undistinguished service in the civil war of the time qualified him for public conversion to Bolshevism.

It was as though Vishinsky's friend, Ernest Bevin, a sort of latter-day British Menshevik, were to leave Labour for the Communist Party.

In 1933, he was appointed the USSR's first "all-Union" prosecutor, responsible for the Soviet Union's entire judicial system.

The tradition of the law still runs in the Vishinsky family. He and his wife, Kapitolina Isidorovna, have one child, a tall and rather plain daughter named Zinaida. Like her father before her, she teaches criminal law at a school in Moscow. Early this year she accompanied Vishinsky to London for the founding sessions of the U.N.

Bevin Taught Him Darts

During his London visit Vishinsky spent much of his spare time with Bevin. After their violent public debates were done for the day, they passed many hours in talk and, occasionally, in games.

Bevin taught Vishinsky to play darts and Vishinsky instructed Bevin at chess.

Molotov, whom no one could imagine playing darts and whose chess game is as cold and stolid as his face, has had a career more in the pattern that produced most of Russia's present leaders.

He was born Viacheslav Mikhailovich Scriabin, on March 9, 1890, in what is now the Tartar Republic. Official Soviet biographers skip lightly over his origins, an indication that his parents were respectably middle-class. Most authorities agree that Molotov's immediate forebears were obscure tradesmen and professional men.

In any case, he was grinding away with industry and (his biographers say) notable brilliance at an orthodox gymnasium, or high school, in Kazan when the abortive 1905 revolution shook Russia and his generation. Soon he was reading Hegel, Marx and Engels, and in 1906 he joined the Social Democratic Party, from which the Communist Party eventually emerged. It was then that he cast about for a proper pseudonym, hit upon *molot*, or hammer, and became Viacheslav Molotov.

His pre-1917 record included a vast amount of pamphleteering in St. Petersburg, where he intermittently attended the Polytechnic Institute and laboured in the local underground; two short sentences in Siberia and two escapes; frequent arrests and interrogations by the tsarist *Cheka*, and a formative, later valuable period as a pioneer editor of *Pravda*, when he also served the exiled Nicolai Lenin as a sort of private correspondent, providing him with meticulous reports on party and national events. This inspired Lenin to call him "Russia's best filing clerk."

The Social Democrats had long since divided into Lenin's Bolsheviks and their milder, hated rivals, the Mensheviks. Molotov even then was making no mistakes; he went with Lenin and the Bolsheviks, and in 1917, when Lenin returned and the tsar fell, he was a member of the Bolshevik Central Committee in St. Petersburg. His work on *Pravda* had already brought him into contact with Joseph Stalin, then an obscure Georgian revolutionary, and in good time Molotov made the accurate choice between that ascending leader and declining Leon Trotsky.

The one bright spot in Molotov's personal history is his family. His wife is a Soviet figure in her own right. When they married in 1920 she was a lovely Ukrainian Jewess, Paulina Carpovskyaya, who had made her mark in the Communist Party.

Mme Molotov went to work in a soap factory in order to preserve her proletarian identity, and in 1931 began a stormy term as Director of the Soviet Cosmetic Trust with this statement of her mission to the Russian people: "My husband works on their souls, I on their faces."

Some of her facial work was not appreciated. The Soviet Press denounced her bourgeois attempts to make lipstick and perfume attractive, and declared that she was addicted to experiments with everything except the obvious ways of making soap. Nevertheless, she was allowed to visit the U.S. in

Continued at foot of next page

TALKING POINTS ABOUT

NERVES

TWELVE PAIRS OF NERVES come direct from the under surface of the brain, and thirty-one pairs more from the spinal cord. They divide and subdivide until minute fibres reach the individual cells of the body. The biggest nerve is about the thickness of a pencil, the smallest fibres are one twelve-thousandth of an inch in diameter.

★ ★ ★

In the brain there are about six hundred million nerve cells. They have three main jobs: first, to keep going the automatic part of living, the things like breathing and balancing which we do without thinking them out; second, to collect messages from the surface of the body and give the right answer; third, to think.

★ ★ ★

The first pair of brain nerves controls smell; the second pair, sight; the third, the movements of the eye. It is the fifth nerve, known as the trigeminal, which is usually responsible for neuralgia. The eighth is concerned with hearing, the twelfth with speech.

★ ★ ★

Messages are sent along nerves much as electric impulses travel along telegraph wires. It is possible to pick them up and magnify them with a valve amplifier. The pattern of the electrical discharges of the brain which result from thought can also be recorded. The instrument used is known as an encephalograph. In a recent trial of a boy who killed his mother, its record was accepted as proof that his brain patterns were abnormal. ★ ★ ★

Nerves are grey-whitish cords. In the old days they were confused with sinews; hence the phrase "*strain* every nerve." If a nerve is severed, the fibres will knit together again if sewn into place. During the war experiments were made in storing "dehydrated" nerve tissue.

★ ★ ★

The specialist who studies nerve tissue is called a neurologist. A psychiatrist ("trick-cyclist" in Army slang) is an expert in nervous reactions in the sense of character and conduct. "Nerve specialist" has no precise meaning. To treat nervous breakdown is the job of a psychiatrist.

★ ★ ★

Nervous breakdowns are not caused by overwork. Usually the overworking is a symptom of the beginning of a breakdown. In the Pavlov Institute, Moscow, a dog was shown a circle of light and given liver, then shown an oval and given an electric shock. He accepted both as a normal part of life. But when the circle was gradually ovalled, the uncertainty made him howl piteously. At Pittsburgh University the famous pig, Achilles, was given a nervous breakdown by similar methods. "But I never made a dog as mad as a human being," said Pavlov.

★ ★ ★

Nervous troubles are less in time of war, and the suicide rate goes down. People feel they are needed. In air raid shelters the ill effects of bombing were neutralized by the "we are all together" feeling. In Dover comparatively few sleeping draughts were needed under bombardment, but after D-Day fear of being "hit by the last shell" increased tension, and most nervous troubles came when the shelling was over.

★ ★ ★

Nervous tension is physical as well as mental. A man suddenly went deaf on the telephone, though his hearing was otherwise normal. Fear of bad news had so tightened his ear drum (you get the same effect in a yawn) that he could hear nothing. ★ ★ ★

If you find nerve strain increasing, an inner conflict is the cause. Tell your troubles to a doctor, a friend, or even a stranger. "Get it off your chest." A little girl, buried but not injured when a Bristol hospital was bombed, did not respond to treatment. Then one day she was suddenly much better. She had told her story—to her dolls.

OUR CHANCES DOWN UNDER by STANLEY JACKSON

Thoughts of cricket fans will be 13,000 miles away next Friday when England meet Australia at Brisbane to contest the Ashes

A thrill in the 1932-33 Tests: "body-line" caused a bitter controversy

CRICKET IS EVEN MORE firmly rooted in the Australian than in the Englishman, if that is possible. The game in Australia is altogether better organized.

And "down under" they have the Rhodes spirit. They play cricket like Lancashiremen and Yorkshiremen—"Play to win, and if you can't win, don't lose." Rhodes derided the eccentric idea of playing for fun, but that is exactly what the average cricketer in southern England does play for—and it is not the way to win Test matches.

Next Friday's game at Brisbane will be the first Test match since the Australians, under the captaincy of their wonder batsman, Don Bradman, retained the Ashes during their tour of England in 1938.

Test matches between England and Australia began in 1876. Since then, 143 Tests have been played between the two countries: Australia has won fifty-seven, England has won fifty-five and thirty-one games have been drawn. Two matches in the series, both of them at Old Trafford, were abandoned without a single ball being bowled.

Most exciting of any series was probably that of 1932-33 in Australia, when D. R. Jardine's team, who won the Ashes back for England, introduced what came to be known as "body-line" bowling.

These Tests became almost a diplomatic issue when the Australian Board of Control cabled to the British Government that Harold Larwood's "body-line" bowling was a menace not only to the game but to relations between the two countries.

Most Englishmen came to sympathize with Larwood, one of the greatest fast bowlers of all time, for the "body-line" controversy forced both him and his austere, indomitable skipper, Douglas Jardine, out of the top flight of the game. Both played some first-class cricket afterwards, but their Test careers virtually ended with that tour, and Larwood and Voce refused to play against the Australians in England in 1934.

What exactly was "body-line"? It was concentrated fast bowling aimed at the leg stump, with a ring of fielders on the "leg" (or batsman's body) side of the wicket. Larwood's pace and accuracy were so exceptional that the batsman was forced to play strokes at the ball, and if he was not clean bowled it was odds-on that he would be caught out from an uppish shot.

Thousands of words were written for and against Larwood. The number of batsmen clean bowled by Larwood in the series seems to dispose of allegations that he bowled deliberately at the batsman.

Australia's Record "Gate"

That Australia, with a small population of under 8,000,000, can boast huge crowds for first-class cricket is remarkable. At Melbourne in 1936 the attendance on one day was a world record: 87,798 people paid £7,405 at the turnstiles. No ground in England can approach these figures.

There are no professionals in Australian cricket. All the Australian players had their initials printed with their names in British newspapers in pre-war days—a distinction accorded amateurs—and *The Times* referred to each as "Mr." Nevertheless they all received cash payments, and, although the Australian players do not spend their whole time at cricket, they are professionals in all but name.

Both sides in next week's Test contain many players new to big cricket. Hutton and Compton, of England's eleven, are paying their first visit to Australia.

Australia will not have O'Reilly, Grimmett, McCabe, Fingleton or Fleetwood-Smith of her pre-war stars. We, on the other hand, will have Wally Hammond, apparently now at his peak, Hutton, Compton, Edrich, Wright, Voce and Hardstaff, all of whom have played against Australia in Tests before.

We seem to have the pull in our batting. But is our bowling good enough? Patsy Hendren affirmed to me some time ago that once Don Bradman had seen our bowling he would want to play against us. It is true that we lack a really fast bowler and that, with the possible exception of Doug Wright, the Kent leg-breaker, we have not a match-winner among our spinners.

The England eleven has some splendid young players in Ikin, Evans, Bedser and Washbrook, who should all benefit considerably from a baptism of Test cricket in Australian conditions.

When the team was selected our chances of regaining the Ashes were thought to be slim. My view, on the contrary, is that they are excellent. Of course, the cast-iron wickets and glaring light in Australia will present our players with an initial handicap.

Each of the Tests will be of thirty hours' play over a period of six days, with the exception of the fifth at Sydney, beginning on February 28, which will be played to a finish if neither side has previously gained an advantage.

I deplore "timeless" Tests, remembering the farce in 1938 when Leonard Hutton, of Yorkshire, beat Bradman's individual record of 334 runs with a mammoth knock of 364 which he took thirteen hours and twenty minutes to make. I trust such a "cricket crawl" will not be necessary this time.

Let us hope that this series will further strengthen the bonds between Australia and England. Cricket can be a great ambassador.

Thousands of young Australians saw England during the war, and many of them played cricket here. In Wally Hammond, our captain, and Major Rupert Howard, manager, we have two shrewd diplomatists who can be relied upon to cement this friendship.

As much as I want England to win, I do not want a victory which leaves the bitter taste of the 1932-33 "body-line" episodes; nor, I believe, does victory at this price appeal to any Englishman.

1936, and she lunched with Mrs. Roosevelt at the White House. Upon her return to Russia, she was made Vice-Commissar of the Food Industry, and in 1939 she became Commissar of Fisheries.

She vanished from office and public sight in 1941, and it was rumoured that she had been exiled or shot. These rumours persisted until 1943, when she was decorated for work in defence plants. Since then she has occasionally appeared as her husband's companion and hostess.

The Molotovs have one daughter, Svetlana, to whom they are devoted. They call her Svetik, and she calls them mamma and papa. A favourite Moscow yarn is about a morning when Svetlana asked papa to stay home and play. "I can't, little pigeon," Molotov is supposed to have replied. "I have to go to work." Svetlana wept and said: "You don't work. Mother does. You just walk around with Stalin."

Newspapermen are sometimes baffled by rumours that the Molotovs have a second and unacknowledged daughter. The truth is innocent. When Svetlana was a child, she and the Molotovs became fond of a girl named Sonia, the daughter of their janitor. Sonia eventually moved in with the Molotovs. She has never been formally adopted but is to all effects a member of the family.

Molotov's interest in his family is taken as a sign among optimistic diplomats that he possesses some of the instincts of a human being. This suspicion is fortified by a few, a very few, stories which illuminate him in a pallid way.

He has been known to essay a joke or a wisecrack. At a theatre party which Stalin once tendered Winston Churchill in Moscow, the Soviet and Allied guests assembled for drink, food and toasts during the intermission. Naturally, there were many toasts to Stalin, the great hero and leader of the Soviet Union. After one of them, Molotov astounded everyone, undoubtedly including himself, by remarking in loud, clear Russian: "Think up something else; we are tired of that one!"

Such attempts at humour, especially when they occur in Stalin's presence, often end badly for Molotov. Stalin seems to take pleasure in abusing and humiliating Molotov before non-Russians.

Not long ago, at a Moscow dinner attended by Stalin and the American Ambassador, Molotov arose in his jerky fashion and, with a noticeably flushed face and embarrassed manner, spoke as follows: "We have had a cordial and confident evening. Everybody has said what he had on his mind. Now," with a miserable effort to indicate that he was just joking, "I suggest that one of our American friends tell us all about this great new weapon we have been hearing about, the atomic bomb."

The guests smiled weakly. Stalin stood up, glared at Molotov and said in a cold and terrifying voice: "The atomic bomb is a great scientific discovery which has been made by a great nation, and, as far as I can see, it is no joking matter."

What Stalin can do to Molotov, Molotov can do to lesser Soviet beings. His *alter ego* at international conferences and individual meetings with non-Russians is his translator, a brownish and modest little man named Pavlov. During the London meetings of the Foreign Ministers which preceded the Peace Conference in Paris, Pavlov once made a mistake which amounted to a distortion of something Molotov had said.

Molotov produced his painful approximation of a smile, gazed at Pavlov and said that perhaps he would have to have Pavlov executed some day.

Molotov's principal personal secretary, or *chef de cabinet*, is a Foreign Office functionary named Potsorov. He comes nearer than any other Soviet official to being Molotov's Man Friday. But even he keeps his distance. So far as other diplomats can tell, Molotov has no real confidants, official or otherwise. He surrounds himself with mediocrities and uses them for what they are—clerks with whom he could dispense tomorrow.

The reason would seem to be obvious. Molotov, Vishinsky, probably Stalin himself, dare not risk intimacy. They work and live in fear.

JOHN OSBORNE

WANTED—A MIRACLE!

by HERBERT HODGE

LAST WEEK I TRIED to do a little quiet thinking on this page about our British Communists and their attitude to the present international situation. This week I want to consider the Communist attitude in our home affairs.

To any Socialist who likes order, precision and efficiency (as I do) the Communist method must always have a strong appeal. Instead of putting up with all the muddling, fuddling and time-wasting of the democratic mass movements, you set out as a compact group to seize power by any and every means.

As soon as you get your hands on the levers of government, you silence all your opponents—if necessary, by "liquidation." Then, with absolute power in your hands, you proceed to give the people what you know will be good for them.

There's a lot to be said for it; especially on the grounds of common sense and efficiency.

For instance, if the Communists were firmly established in power at the moment, I doubt if there would be any coal shortage this winter. Or, at least, no shortage in the factories; even if we had nothing in the domestic grate.

The exact amount of coal required would be known; and that amount would be dug out and delivered—no matter whose feelings happened to get hurt in the process.

There would be no strikes, either; no strikes of any kind, in any industry. The official reason for it would be that the workers were so happy under the Communist set-up that they didn't want to strike.

You might believe that, or you might not. But there would be no strikes. Nor would there be a single absentee—except such as were never seen again.

We should at least be certain of getting our food, clothing and shelter. We might get luxuries, as well. With everybody compelled to work for all he, or she, was worth, we might soon be getting the silk stockings, radio sets, refrigerators and motor cars that we've been wanting all these years.

Freedom the Price

The one price we should have to pay for all this would be, of course, the giving up of our political and intellectual freedom—our freedom to oppose the party in power and to question the beliefs upon which the whole society was based.

Personally, I don't think anything is worth that price. I value my democratic freedoms—intellectual and political—above everything.

But I'm writing this on a full stomach; dressed in warm clothes, and sitting in a comfortable room. Twenty-five years ago, when I was trying to keep alive on the dole, I had a rather different opinion. If you'd asked me, then, what I wanted above everything, I might have said: "A steak and chips."

I'm not suggesting that I do *all* my thinking with my stomach, but there's no doubt that a good dinner does make a difference. By satisfying the stomach it frees the soul. Our modern notions of democratic freedom sprang from the minds of the well-fed middle classes, not from the unemployed. That, however, is by the way. And it doesn't prove anything—except, perhaps, that before a man can think usefully about freedom, or anything else, he has to eat.

My Communist friends tell me that individual freedom is a delusion; or, at best, an economic accident of the capitalist system that no longer has any useful part to play in man's development. The Conservatives, on the other hand, shout about individual freedom, nowadays, as if they'd just invented it. Labour simply plods on, saying little, but doing, we hope, a lot.

The Communists offer us the dinner but don't guarantee the freedom. The Conservatives offer us the freedom but don't guarantee the dinner. The Labour Party is trying to guarantee both—but will have to work a miracle to do it.

Words that Haunt

At the moment, all we've got is something very like a muddle. A miracle may be taking shape inside the muddle. But, as yet, I've seen little sign of it.

H. G. Wells wrote about muddle, thirty-five years ago, in words that fairly haunt me today:

"Muddle isn't ended by transferring power from the muddle-headed few to the muddle-headed many, and then cheating the many out of it again in the interests of a bureaucracy of sham experts." I hope from the bottom of my heart that those words are haunting our Labour leaders, too. They ought to be written on the wall of every government department.

The basic problem, as I see it, is not one for the "experts," but for the workmen. It lies, not in the politician's study, or the manager's office, but right in the workshop.

We've devised excellent plans to make sure that everybody gets a fair share of the dinner, but we are still a long way from producing sufficient dinner to make that fair share a satisfying plateful.

Modern large-scale production, worked to maximum efficiency, can give us a piled-up plateful. But modern large-scale production requires a highly disciplined body of workers—a body of workers who can be relied upon; who will willingly and eagerly co-operate, all day and every day.

No "free" body of human beings has ever yet succeeded in doing that on a large scale for very long at a stretch. But this is the miracle that we've got to perform, if our present plans are to succeed.

I see no reason why we shouldn't perform that miracle. A miracle is quite simple. All it requires is the will—the will to do it or bust. But it's just that "will" that seems to be missing at the moment. Quite half our trouble, I think, is that so few of us have yet realized what's required of us.

I wish our parliamentary leaders would explain more often that we can only succeed by a miracle—instead of letting the whole thing seem merely a matter of humdrum routine.

If we fail, it won't be because we tried to work a miracle. It will be because too many of us failed to realize that a miracle was wanted, and thought it was just plain humdrum—and so, didn't try.

★ ★ **Herbert Hodge, author and broadcaster, has had many jobs in his time. There's plenty of experience behind his weekly comments on life as he sees it**

JOHN BULL QUIZ

the first one's easy

. . . BUT THEY GET HARDER AS THEY GO ALONG. We've tried to make the first question in each round simple, the second not so easy, the third medium hard, the fourth plain difficult and the fifth a stinker. If you can get more than half right you are very good at general knowledge. If you can get all the questions in a department right, you may consider yourself an expert in that subject. Answers are on page 26.

HEADLINES

(1) "World-famous tenor at Covent Garden"—who? (2) "Labour gains 159 seats"—what seats? (3) "M. Tsaldaris submits new Cabinet"—where? (4) "Restored verse for National Anthem"—what is its gist? (5) "Brilliant star for Lady Cripps"—who gave it to her?

SLANG

(1) What would a Cockney mean if he asked you to "go down the apples, round the Johnny to the rub-a-dub for some pigs"? (2) What drinks are "cat-lap," "coke," and "highball"? (3) From what occupations do the expressions "to see how it pans out" and "taking it lying down" come? (4) What would a "hepcat" mean if she asked you to "cut a rug to the solid jive of the liquorice stick"? (5) What is an "Annie Oakley" and what is the origin of the term?

SHIPS

(1) Who holds the Blue Ribbon of the Atlantic? (2) What would you call a floating support for a bridge; a large sailing vessel bringing tea from China? (3) What time is Eight Bells? (4) What would be the full meaning of an inverted Red Ensign? (5) What are the meanings of "abaft" and "avast"?

THE PRESS

(1) Which of these papers generally supports the Conservative cause: *Daily Graphic, Daily Express, Daily Herald, Daily Telegraph, Daily Mirror*? (2) Who is called "The Pope of Fleet Street"? (3) What British newspaper has a circulation of over seven million copies? (4) Which *four* newspapers are controlled by Lord Beaverbrook? (5) What leading papers did these men edit: C. P. Scott, Wickham Steed, Charles Dickens?

POLITICIANS

(1) Who are the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, Minister of Education? (2) Who was famous for "sealed lips" and who for his buttonhole and monocle? (3) What parties did Jimmy Maxton and Lord Salisbury lead? (4) You probably know Lord Templewood and Lord Passfield better by their former names. What were they? (5) Winston Churchill has held eleven ministerial posts; name six.

GARDENING

(1) Does "light" soil mean light in weight or colour? (2) Which two of the following insects should *not* be killed: grasshoppers, centipedes, millipedes, ladybirds, greenflies? (3) Why should you save all the falling leaves? (4) Which of these are evergreens: ivy, larch, holly, mountain ash? (5) What kinds of flowers are Sir Watkins and Mrs. Sinkins?

WEIGHTS AND MEASURES

(1) Which is the longest: a mile, a metre, or a kilometre? (2) Approximately what fraction of a fluid ounce does a tablespoon hold? (3) A cricket pitch is one —— long; one what? (4) How many gallons in a peck, and yards in a rod, pole or perch? (5) What do you think the size of this page is to the nearest inch?

MUSIC

(1) What is the largest instrument played with a bow? (2) Which composer took a casket of Polish earth to France? (3) Who wrote "From the New World" and the "Pathetique" Symphony? (4) Beethoven wrote one opera and four overtures for it; names, please? (5) After Mozart's works in programmes you will always see the letter "K" and a number. What does this mean?

"John, please put that paper down, I want to talk to you!" The paper felt as if it had turned into asbestos and his hands seemed glued to it

Double Journey

John had a hunch that when he got home his wife would confess her infidelity—just as he had dreamed. Yet, how could he have dreamed something ahead of time?

by OLGA TRIM

ILLUSTRATED BY E. EARNSHAW

JUST AS EX-PRIVATE John Brown stepped on to the green bus and lowered himself into the seat nearest the door—his usual choice, if he could get it—a peculiar sensation overcame him of having done all this before.

True, since his demob a few weeks back the return to his old job had made it necessary for him to catch this same bus at the same hour each day, and that in itself was becoming almost mechanical repetition; but it wasn't that. It was some deeper, inner conviction that he had actually lived or dreamed these very same moments before.

Here came the little dumpy woman, much like a cottage loaf, rushing along in the same desperate haste, with the small set of bookshelves grasped awkwardly under one short fat arm, and again, just managing to get on the bus as it started.

Here it came: "Coo! that was a close shave." And there was the exact shabby old imitation black leather shopping bag which she deposited on the floor inside the bus, while she manoeuvred the bookshelf in place under the stairs.

She picked up the bag and arranged herself in the small remaining space on the upholstered seat opposite and gave a cheery grin to all in general, accompanied by a little puffed "Oh!" as her blood pressure subsided.

From a small brown purse, her fat red fingers extracted a return ticket—exactly as John Brown had seen her do in that dream, or previous existence or whatever it was.

If it had been a dream it had been curiously real. The feeling worried John. How could he possibly have dreamed something ahead of time, something that had not actually yet happened? He was not given to the study of psychic phenomena, but as the bus rolled on, he became more and more convinced that he was reliving or re-dreaming the same set of events that he had passed through before.

In that other time he had gone on with this same journey, the bus stopping at regular intervals along the route; the little rosy-cheeked cottage-loaf woman now comfortably welded into a space between the window and the very old grey-bearded man with the shopping basket, whom John Brown had seen quite often on the bus before.

At Cross Gates the very old man got up dodderingly and Brown had put out a steadying hand, just as he did now. The conductor waited with tense patience while the old man manipulated first one leg off and then the other. Then the bus whisked off, the dry dust swirling and eddying in its wake.

The bus steadied down to a regular noisy throb. There was a longish stretch here between the two villages.

John Brown knew with certainty what was to come. Two stops up the road he would get off. Mary would be waiting for him as he came down the lane. The low scullery window was at the side of the house, and she could quite easily carry on with one of her multitudinous household tasks, which were more often than not over the gas stove or the sink, and keep an eye on the lane at the same time.

This particular time she would be washing some small article, and as soon as she saw him she would wipe her small

soapy hands on the towel round her waist and turn up the light under the kettle, for she knew he always liked a fresh cup of tea before his meal.

The children would be in bed, for a change, and he would miss their boisterous greeting. Mary would be rather dressed up. There would be a vague feeling of unreality. He was always having that feeling since he had come back home.

After dinner, sitting with a quiet, rather strained Mary, he would pull up the old shabby fireside chair, which had a splodge of ink on the seat's edge, and prepare to read the news all over again.

But Mary would seat herself opposite him, her still rather pretty face deeply serious.

"John, please put that paper down, I want to talk to you."

He'd feel vaguely uneasy. Somehow he had known there was something wrong; that things had not been quite right since he came home.

"John, I can't go on any longer like this . . . not without telling you."

Then a terrifying numbness would take possession of him suddenly, for, God help him, he *knew*; knew instinctively what she was going to say to him, and he was afraid, more afraid than he had ever been of anything, to hear it. He knew afterwards that his fear was of himself; of what he would do.

"While you were away, John, and the children still at the farm, there was another man."

He could still feel that searing pain that gradually brought to life his numb brain, that made his fingers twitch, as she went on, mercilessly.

"He was young. My age. And he worked at the factory, too. He was my supervisor, and I don't know what I should have done without his help. I really hated the work, as you know. But the only way I could have got out of it then would have been to have brought the children back and they were so happy at the farm and the raids were so erratic here. It was so lonely coming back to the house each night; I felt so desolate."

MARY gave a pathetic little shrug. "Maybe I am making excuses for myself. Maybe. But anyway, I've got to tell you. I've got to.

"I let Keith take me out once or twice. It acted like a drug. I found that for some minutes, some hours even, at a time, I could forget the terribleness of everything. Of being separated from you. Of the fear of what could happen any moment. Everything.

"Keith took me out a lot more. We were both level-headed. We told ourselves that there need be no harm in our friendship. We talked it over, often. But then, despite all that, we did fall in love.

"For months we fought against it. I tried to leave the factory but production was at its height. I couldn't be spared. The V's had arrived, I couldn't bring the children back. And then. . . ."

Mary was looking fixedly at the fire. She almost hurried the next part.

"One night he saw me home. There was a blizzard blowing, the temperature was below freezing. He stayed the night."

He remembered how it was—as if a mad devil had been released in his breast.

Searing hot words had catapulted from his stiff lips, and then the dreadful things he had said as she slumped in the chair.

It was as if his whole life lay shattered. After all he had been through these past years, too! He remembered that, even in the stress of the moment, he felt sorry for himself. All he could think of just then was that she, Mary, the person he had trusted above everyone, had done this to him.

He hardly heard her next words, such a ferment was going on in his head. But now, as he sat tensely in the bus, seeing in his mind what was soon about to happen all over again, he saw Mary's eyes, and he heard her voice, quiet, attention-gripping, as clearly as if she had been there.

"John, dear, it's all over. There never was any real significance to it. I know that now. Things were so abnormal. All I know is that I love you as I will never love anyone else. And I want to spend the rest of my life making it up to you. I want to forget, but I can't while this remains between us. If only you could forget, too."

The bus stopped and the conductor got off and did something to a machine hanging on the wall of a tiny crooked cottage.

How long ago had it been since Mary made her confession? How long had he been living in this torture? He didn't know; time just seemed to hang there in space. If only he could have forgiven, as Mary had asked him to! What was the use of going on like this. Going home to an empty shell of a house. Mary, with the children, God knows where. Perhaps she was ill—or the children. It was torture to think about. They were all so much part of him.

After all, the thing *was done*.

John Brown questioned himself courageously. When all was said, had his own life been so blameless during the long years away from home? Those abnormal years. Why couldn't he have forgiven her? Why couldn't they just have forgotten the whole thing and buried it away in the past. It could have been done. He could see that now. It was not impossible for them to be happy again together. They loved each other. He knew without doubt that he loved his wife, or why else was he suffering so?

The bus neared his stop. John Brown felt a sickening sensation of being precipitated into a cauldron; a deep, wide cauldron of boiling hot agony, the agony that was to be his punishment for his unforgiveness.

He didn't want to go on! He didn't want it to happen all over again. He couldn't bear it . . . he wouldn't. . . .

Suddenly, a little hysterically, he roused himself. He wouldn't let it happen again. Something queer had occurred. By some miracle he had been pre-living a portion of his life . . . or something. His head felt a little clearer now. It was all rather strange. That little cottage-loaf woman with the identical set of shelves; just catching the bus. Her breathless "coo"; the same old lumpy leather bag.

He was certain it had all happened before, somewhere, sometime, in some metaphysical past, perhaps.

But he was going to alter the ending! He felt the power within him to do that. This was no dream now. He felt suddenly, starkly, consciously alive. Yet he felt that he could actually alter his fate. He had been through the result of his previous mistake and he knew, this time, what was coming, or what would be coming if he'd let it. He was ready for it.

The bus stopped. He stepped off, half way down the lane he thought he could discern the shape of his wife's figure behind the scullery window.

HE couldn't be sure, but he imagined he saw an arm waving. He waved back and felt the usual glow of exultation at the invisible contact.

His footsteps urged him on impatiently so that he was breathless by the time he reached the front door. His fingers fumbled maddeningly with the so-familiar lock.

And there was Mary, as he knew she would be, with the same air of being more than usually "dressed up" as he termed it. She was wiping her soapy hands on a towel and holding up her face to be kissed.

The children were in bed. That was not usual. He missed their boisterous greeting. They had been rather pettish today, and had got themselves overtired, Mary explained, so she had put them up earlier—it was better for them.

He nodded dumbly. There was a vague feeling of unreality.

Almost mechanically he took off his coat, extracted the paper from it and went to wash his hands. He was so acutely conscious of his actions that it was as if Life was ticking, and he could *hear* it.

He was aware of a feeling of tension as dinner ended and he seated himself with his newspaper in the fireside chair—the one with the splodge of ink on it.

And then it went on.

"John, please put that paper down, I want to talk to you!"

The paper felt as if it had turned into asbestos and his hands felt glued to it, so tight was his grip.

And then it all happened again, just as he knew it would. Again that terrifying numbness; that scorching fear of himself, of what he would do.

Again that searing pain that gradually brought the feeling back to his limbs, that made his fingers twitch, as she went on mercilessly.

"He was young . . . my age . . . it was so lonely sometimes. . . . I let him take me out once and I found that for some minutes . . . hours even, I could forget . . . Keith took me out a lot more. We talked it over . . . but despite all that . . . one night . . . blizzard blowing . . . stayed the night."

Again that mad devil straining for release in his breast. Those hot, coarse words struggling for utterance.

Again.

But suddenly, he was across the room and was crushing her to him.

"I don't care, I don't care," he muttered. "I love you. How can anything else matter. It *can* be forgiven. We *can* forget together. I know it can. I know. The past doesn't matter any more. Only the future."

And as he felt her grateful lips he knew that the dream had ended and life was once more real.

THE HUMAN MACHINE . . . by ROFFE THOMPSON

Never forget it

IT IS SAD to think how many of us dwell on the unpleasant things of life while the bright side is hardly noticed.

Yet, weighing the good and bad, we should agree that kindness, helpfulness and goodwill abound. They could be ours for the asking. We should confess that we ourselves make a good deal of the unpleasantness of life, and that we could avoid much of it if we tried.

And in the world around us we take too much for granted. "If spring came but once a century instead of once a year," wrote the poet Longfellow, "or burst forth with the sound of an earthquake instead of in silence, what wonder and expectation there would be in all hearts to behold the miraculous change."

We should treat each new day as the miracle it is. We should not allow petty irritations to make us lose sight of realities.

The world is still full of many good things. We should be happier if we sometimes remembered that.

with my feet up by Ian Fox

Robot Arithmetic

I EXPECT YOU READ Lord Mountbatten's account of ENIAC. This is the wonderful electronic brain which can do mathematical problems involving millions of figures quicker than you can say PAYE.

It will produce a nine-figure square root—a thing I often find myself wanting to know—in 1/38th of a second.

Lord Mountbatten has started something. Housewives will soon be clamouring for ENIAC outfits. The Government will be blamed because they are not in the shops. Aneurin Bevan will be attacked because ENIACs in coloured plastic are not standard fittings in prefabs.

★ ★ ★

All this despite the fact that the thing weighs thirty tons and costs £100,000. Personally, I would prefer something a trifle smaller—say, a couple of tons—that I could use for adding up the laundry bill or paying the milkman.

I went along to ask that great scientist and inventor, Professor Weed, about ENIAC.

"ENIAC?" he said. "Pooh! I invented one months ago. Lord Mountbatten saw it and was speechless. That's why he didn't mention my model."

The Professor took me to see his machine. He turned on the power and said, "Now we'll give it a sum to do. 'If a man smokes twenty cigarettes a day, how many does he smoke in a fortnight?' "

About a quarter of an hour passed and then on a lighted panel appeared the words "Sorry—No Cigarettes."

★ ★ ★

"There you are, see?" said the Professor. "Infallible! Now I'll demonstrate my latest addition—the speaking ENIAC. Ask a question and the answer will come out of that loudspeaker."

I asked for the square root of 245,397 multiplied by 5,947,398.

"Hmm!" said the Professor. He pressed a whole lot of numbered buttons and the machine quivered and banged and rocked. Then the loudspeaker suddenly blared out: "Pint of mild-and-bitter, please, miss."

"Silly thing!" said the Professor grumpily. "It ought to know I only drink brown ale."

LOOSE MORALS THREATEN MARRIAGE

by Dr. DAVID MACE

The damage done by sex "freedom" outside marriage is frankly explained by Dr. Mace in the fourth of his series of John Bull articles on the crisis in family life

WE ALL KNOW THE KIND OF PERSON who is continually deploring our declining moral standards, and telling us with a long face that, as a nation, we are rotten at the core. I can't stand people like that at any price. I suspect that, secretly, they have salacious minds, and get a kick out of brooding over the "shocking immorality" of others.

All the same, one or two things which have forced themselves on my attention recently have rather shaken my serene faith in the decent clean-living British tradition.

Two newspaper cuttings came casually into my hands. One was a report that a popular feature in one of our newspapers had, on the grounds of its alleged indecency, failed to pass the censorship for reprinting in the United States. The other stated that certain plays by British authors were being banned in the Soviet Union because they were considered as taking a low view of marriage and family life and were therefore not fit for Russians to see.

The idea of Americans being more prudish than we are, and of Russians considering our attitude to marriage as low, was to me quite startling. The trend used to be so obviously the other way. I confess that for a moment I found myself really wondering what we were coming to.

These are, of course, mere straws. Yet they do indicate the way the wind is blowing. Is it time we took stock of our morals and called a halt before it is too late?

Pregnancy Before Marriage

A year or so ago, I decided to look into this question in terms of statistics. The figures which I brought to light gave me a shock. I have published them since, and they have given other people a shock. Some of them were quoted in the House of Commons earlier this year, and many Members of Parliament, including the Attorney-General, refused to believe them until it was pointed out that they were derived from the Registrar-General's returns. I don't wonder. When I arrived at those figures in the first place I felt quite convinced that I had muddled my calculations.

But there was no error. The figures defied all attempts to reduce them.

They showed that out of every million women, 100,000 become pregnant outside marriage every year in England and Wales alone.

They showed that *before the war*, in the second half of 1938, two out of every five girls who married under twenty were already pregnant on their wedding day.

They showed that one in eight of all British babies, and more than one in four of first babies, are conceived outside marriage. And, of course, all these figures took no account of the successful use of contraceptives, which in these days are very widely employed to prevent conception.

Clearly, there are different ways of looking at these facts. To those who adopt a puritanical attitude to sex, they must be horrifying in the extreme. But in these days most of us have come to adopt a more liberal outlook. Some people would even say that those figures are not a serious sign of moral decadence at all.

It is this question which I want to face. I readily admit that some of these extra-marital relationships are very beautiful and idealistic. Others are a comparatively harmless preliminary to a sincere acceptance of the obligations of marriage.

The Real Danger

But, taken as a whole, what do these changed standards mean? Do they imply a threat to the security of family life? That is the vital issue.

I believe they do. In the past we have focused all our attention on two of the possible results of promiscuous sex—illegitimacy and venereal disease. I do not underestimate the seriousness of either of these things. But I do contend that, in our exaggerated preoccupation with them, we have missed the more serious consequences of irregular sex relations.

In my view, the real seriousness of sexual promiscuity lies in the damage it does to marriage, and through marriage to family life. This is brought about in two ways.

First, promiscuity impairs the capacity of the individual for successful marriage.

There has been a great deal of talk about sexual freedom being psychologically sound. Some psychologists, to my knowledge, have actually recommended it to their patients. But responsible opinion in these days has swung vigorously in the other direction.

I have asked a number of our leading psychiatrists for their opinion, and have so far been unable to find one who did not agree that sex relations outside marriage are likely to do far more harm than good to the individuals concerned.

We are coming to see clearly, in these days, that sex cannot be separated from personality. If sexual union is less than the expression of a total fellowship between the man and woman concerned, something is violated. Emotional conflicts may be set up with serious consequences.

Sex at its full human level should be the expression of mutual commitment and the willingness to found a home and bring up a family. People who use it at a lower level, as a means only of personal gratification, ultimately impair their capacity for its higher use.

Sex Adventurers

The sexually promiscuous person is, in my experience, always emotionally immature—and, what is more serious, has often lost the capacity to reach maturity.

But sexual freedom also undermines marriage socially. Allow the unmarried to enter into loose unions, and soon the married will be involved also. Those who have grown accustomed to variety, will, after marriage, want to continue the habit. And those in quest of new sexual adventures will soon be making amorous advances to those already married.

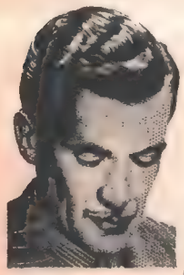
We have seen this happen on a vast scale in recent years. First, people contend for the right to sexual freedom outside marriage. Then this leads to the desire for the same freedom to be extended to married people. Consequently, the marriage bond is no longer respected, and the foundation of the family becomes insecure.

I think we must face this really seriously. Without prudery or narrow-mindedness, let us acknowledge that there can be no sound and stable family life *unless marriage is going to be dependable*. And the free sex relations which are becoming habitual in these days are striking at the very root of marriage, both individually and socially.

No doubt we have gained a good deal by breaking away from the strait-laced Victorian ethics. But we shall lose all we have gained, and more, if we now swing to the opposite extreme.

Dr. Mace, who is Secretary of the Marriage Guidance Council, will continue this series NEXT WEEK

A handsome head of hair may be ruined through DRY SCALP



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This is the toothbrush that so many dentists themselves use—because of its correctly-shaped head (long or short), its clean-cut tufts, and its fine finish. In short, because SPA has every quality that a toothbrush should have.

John Freeman & Co., Ltd., "Spa" Brush Works, Chesham, Bucks.

4/6

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J. STEAD & Co. Ltd., SHEFFIELD

'Must it have a green cross, Mummy?'

A woman guards her family's health in every way she can. When she insists on the Izal Toilet Roll which bears the Green Cross, she is wiser than she knows. For in ward and surgery and laboratory the Green Cross is trusted. It is the sign of Izal Germicide, the deadly foe of germs.

IZAL TOILET ROLL *Made SAFE with Izal Germicide*

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Is there anything more miserable than lying awake at night, tormented and tired out with coughing? If that's *your* trouble, tackle it straight away with Zubes Cough Mixture. The time-honoured remedies in this tried and trusted mixture instantly soothe away exasperating throat-tickle—the cause of so much night coughing—and let you get some rest and peace. Ask your chemist for Zubes Cough Mixture today.

ZUBES COUGH MIXTURE

RELIEF FROM INDIGESTION

THANKS TO MACLEAN BRAND STOMACH POWDER

The wide popularity of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder is convincing evidence of its efficacy in relieving Heartburn, Flatulence, Nausea and Stomach Pains due to Indigestion.

Price 2/3 and 5/7½.
Also in Tablet Form 1/5 and 2/3 (Inc. Tax).

Maclean Brand Stomach Powder and Tablets are only genuine if signed "ALEX. C. MACLEAN."

Built to give your family's shoes *longer wear* and *greater comfort*. The name Goodyear is your guarantee. Ask your repairer for them.

GOODYEAR SOLES & HEELS

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS **GOODYEAR** TYRE

FREE SPEECH

LETTERS intended for this page should be marked "Free Speech." One Guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.

WILL SOME KIND FAIRY . . . ?

IN MY OPINION the children of today are not having a fair deal as far as their little treats are concerned. Apart from toys, which are so scarce, the children's books—classics like Beatrix Potter's stories and the famous fairy stories—are practically unobtainable.

The purchasing power of a child's penny is woefully limited. It stirs my heart to sympathy when I remember my own childhood. For a halfpenny I used to get a "Lucky Packet" which usually contained sweets, a whistle, some popcorn and a birthday ring. I hope things will improve before too many children have grown up.—MRS. J. T., Worcester. (Name and address enclosed.)

Believes in Brickbats

BOTH WE AND THE AMERICANS seem far too lavish in applauding entertainers. One only needs to listen to the radio for a few evenings to find it is the rule rather than the exception for some insipid crooner to be applauded enthusiastically or for the audience to clap before an orchestra has finished playing.

Good, bad and indifferent performers seem to get about the same volume of applause. How I long for a good, old-fashioned boo on the B.B.C.—SIGNALMAN T. N. MORRIS, 1 Special Wireless Regiment, Royal Signals, BAOR.

Listen by Candlelight

HERE IS A SIMPLE SOLUTION to this winter's electricity problem. It is so simple that it may seem childish, but it would work.

Let everyone who plans to spend the evening at home listening to the radio decide to do so by candlelight. A candle on the mantelpiece with a mirror placed behind it gives just the right sort of light in which to enjoy a music hall or concert programme.

If this idea were adopted and really practised throughout the country we would save enormous amounts of current and there would be none of those "save electricity" appeals on the wireless.—A. F. KNAPMAN, Meadowside, Crapstone, Yelverton, Devon.

Waste of Manpower

OFTEN WE HAVE TRIED to get ourselves a little training for the return to civilian life which we hope will not be more than a week or two off. We have been refused on the ground that there is too much work and too few men in our army trade to cope with it.

Now we are detailed to spend two working days, one on an assault course and the other on learning how to fire a rifle. We are armourers and shall have to listen to an instructor talking about a firearm on which we work day in and day out.—F. C., BAOR. (Name and address enclosed.)

What Farmworkers Want

GERMAN PRISONERS at present working on the land will soon have to be replaced by British men and women. The Germans are no mean workers, as every farmer knows, and those who take their places will have to be good if the industry is to reach the high standard required.

But good workers need good living conditions. They want good houses with the basic amenities of electricity and running water. Young men and women from the towns are not prepared to do without these things. They want well-built, well-lighted pubs, and picture-houses and clubs near to their work.

Give these amenities as a basis for recruitment and agriculture will no longer be a problem.—A. PERCY GAMBLE, The Bungalow, Ashby Magna, Rugby.

Slapdash Age

AS A SCHOOLBOY I was always taught that there was a place for everything and that everything should be in its place. Today the second half of the lesson seems to be, "Leave it for somebody else to put back."

I find in my work that the young men want waiting on and that somebody (generally one of the older hands) must clear up after them. Why is it? Is it because modern children are spoilt by their parents, who never train them to be tidy, or is it just a slapdash age?—A. C., Wiltshire. (Name and address enclosed.)

Retail Snobbery

I AM ONE OF the many women in the country who have turned out and done my bit and I have just had my reward—the biggest insult I have had in my life. The manager of a grocery shop has asked me to get registered somewhere else. His shop, he says, is a select one, and several of the customers have objected to me going to it in dirty overalls.

My job does not always make it possible for me to be spick and span. I am up at five in the morning grooming horses, and I am carrying on because my boss cannot find a man to do the work. I have always been treated with respect by the men I work with—it takes women to practise real snobbery.—MRS. S., Bournemouth. (Name and address enclosed.)

Monument of Ugliness

STOKE-ON-TRENT—where I live—is an ugly, sprawling monument to generations of administrators without planning or foresight.

In this era of careful planning one sees in the heart of my own district, scheduled as residential, two new factories rapidly taking shape. New monuments?—G. S., Trent Vale, Stoke-on-Trent. (Name and address enclosed.)

Who Made It?

YOUR "WHAT'S WANTED" article (JOHN BULL, October 19) misses an important point. All manufactured goods should, where possible, be marked with the name and address of the makers so that buyers can make complaints or suggestions.

I recently bought an electric radiator which I found had three serious faults—one involving risk of fire. But I have been unable to complain because I cannot trace the manufacturers.—N. C., Minard Road, Catford, London, S.E.6.

If . . .

IF ONLY THE POOR, unoffending general public could go on strike for a few days and let certain irresponsible sections of the community suffer the inconvenience they have caused to others. But, of course, the public has no union to disobey.—G. E. DYSON, 101 Beechwood Avenue, Wednesfield, Staffs.

It's Not Cricket

A MOVEMENT OF SOME KIND should be started to counteract the wave of bad sportsmanship which has been growing in the last few years, and which now threatens to sweep off the field all the best in games.

The large amounts of money at stake on so many games seems to be the cause of the trouble. Retiring at the end of last season after twelve years as an amateur footballer, and now forced to play the role of spectator, I find that the cleanest and keenest sport to watch at present is played by schoolboys.—M. G. E. (Name and address enclosed.)

Preacher Practises . . .

A YOUNG FRIEND OF MINE is a curate in a poor London parish. I decided to visit him after a long period in which we had not met. He was not at his

". . . apron round his middle"

lodgings, but the landlady directed me to a crowded back court. There I found him, with apron tucked round his middle. He was scrubbing the floor of a tiny living room.

He was a bit embarrassed as he explained that the flat belonged to an old lady who was ill in bed upstairs. She was coming down that afternoon and he wanted to have things tidy.—F. W. GILKS, 11a Trinity Street, Dorchester.

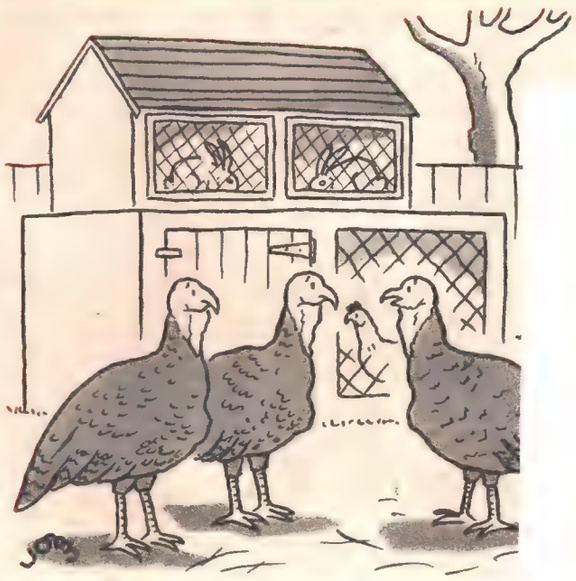
Tomorrow: The Port

MAY I CONGRATULATE JOHN BULL on the first article in the "Trail of Tomorrow" series—that on Liverpool. In any other periodical London would have come first, and the towns of the north would have taken a back seat.

But I do not know who told Gordon Beckles that Liverpool had gone as far as was possible as a port. I have been told by many seafaring men that it is antiquated. Probably the nationalization of all port authorities would put things right.—G. A. HASLAM, 17 Jonville Road, Liverpool 9.

Tomorrow: The People

GORDON BECKLES'S article was very good as a surface picture, but it was not a real-life painting of Liverpool



"I've just discovered why we're eating so much

Christmas Extras for YOU!

THE Food Minister has promised us all an extra 8d. worth of meat and 1½ lb. more sugar at Christmas. Well, that is something. But how about some more seasonable extras for YOUR table this Christmas?

Awaiting winners in this week's *Bullets* Contest are no fewer than 100 Christmas Hampers, each crammed to the brim with £3 worth of good things, including a fowl, plum pudding, cigarettes and so on. Big cheques and 12 lb. Christmas birds will go to all this Contest's principal winners and a £500 fortune will be awarded to the sender of the week's best *Bullet*.

Time is flying and December 25 will soon be here—win a Merry Christmas while you can!

HOW TO WIN

Only two more weeks remain for you to win a Christmas Hamper; in the next few minutes you can easily make up a *Bullet* or two for your coupon below.

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* given. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "Examples"

TO CELEBRATE CHRISTMAS
PROSPERITY'S CAKE
WISE GOVERNMENT
PEACE AND GOODWILL
SANTA STRACHEY
POURING OUT THE STUFF
FUEL FOR THE FIRE
HOME OF THEIR OWN
STROKE OF GENIUS
RICH
HER LATEST
WAITS AT THE DOOR
NOBODY ANSWERED, SO
JUST AS WELL
GAMBLING FEVER
THROWN IN
AUNTIE'S STOCKING
AGONY OF SUSPENSE
WILD-GOOSE CHASE
ALL OF A SUDDEN

Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions

PRESENT FOR.....
UNTIL WE.....
BORN.....
TREATED LIKE A.....
NO TIME TO.....
DAD LIKES..... BUT

£500
"BULLETS"
1st PRIZE
Followed by
£50, £25
10 of £10
(All prizes above with 12lb Christmas Bird—Turkey or Goose as available)
100 XMAS HAMPERS
(Each containing Fowl, Plum Pudding, Cigarettes, etc. etc.)
1,500 "Good Shot" Prizes

ADDRESS ENTRY: "Bullets" 1,557 (or Xword 509), "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

"BULLETS" & XWORD RULES

1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross / & Co. /, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's Contests in JOHN BULL dated December 21, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

XWORD CASH and FOWLS

In addition to £100 First and Awards value £25 between Runners-up, there are up to 100 Christmas Fowls—one with each prize value 5s. and over in this Crossword.

Post Square by Monday, Dec. 2.

Across Clues.
1. Takes care to avoid falling foul of police
3. Tramp doesn't trouble much about taking in
4. Are generally blackened
9. Spies quite often do this
14. What most people take on holiday

Down Clues.
1. Any defect in this is bound to tell, sooner or later
2. It's a surprise when man with such an air proves cruel and mean
5. These lengthen average woman's walk through centre of town
6. To do this might be said to tease
7. When it is forbidden, there's trouble if one is caught smoking
8. Suitably enough, is commonly found in bars
10. Often like saddles
11. It's suspicious to find these up against opening
12. It's gratifying to see your boy pull off this
13. Often gives runners a flying start

RESULT OF "BULLETS" 1,553

FIRST PRIZE
£500 plus CHRISTMAS BIRD

W. A. Neave, 16 The Crescent, New Southgate, London, N.11:

BELOW THE SURFACE—"BROTHERS"—UNO, KEEP "DIGGING"!

SECOND PRIZE, £50 plus Christmas Bird: C. W. Cole, Shalford Green, Panfield, Braintree.

Will Soon Be One—Two—Found Three Rooms!

THIRD PRIZE, £25 plus Christmas Bird: H. Ellery, 344 Ormeau Road, Belfast.

Will Soon Be Proving — We're Really *Overfed*, Strachey!

10 PRIZES OF £10 plus Christmas Bird:

Miss I. Braithwaite, 159 Borough Road, Middlesbrough. **Burning Question—Who'll Apply Grandpa's Poultice?**

Mrs. G. Crocker, 23 Ashburton Road, Newton Abbot. **In Our Village Opera—Lull, While Harmonium "Wooed."**

E. Duffin, 7 St. George's Road, Stafford. **Grandma's Forecast—"Blind," But Dividend "Eye-opener."**

H. Hampton, 11 Perry Street, Wednesbury. **On Russia's Side—Or America's? Or Peace's?**

D. H. Harrison, 3 Gisburn Court, Morley. **Grandma's Sunday—Modernized—*Bus* To Church.**

A. S. Laird, Snr., 17 Ardgowon Street, Greenock. **On Life's Highway—"Spill"—The Crowd *Vanishes*.**

W. L. Langley, 15a Christchurch Road, London, S.W.2. **Grandma's Bible—No "Cobwebs" On, Either!**

G. Simpson, c/o 136 West Bridgend, Dumbarton. **This Little Island—"Took Everything"—Grabbed Nothing.**

A. Smith, 12 May Street, Durham City. **Never Again—Agreed—But Greed, "Seed."**

W. V. Young, 12 Gardner Road, Guildford. **Auntie's Heart—Baffling Locum, Not Locals!**

Notifications have been sent to 100 winners of Christmas Hampers, and 1,500 "Good Shot" prizes have been posted.

CHEQUES AND FOWLS WON—XWORD 505

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Mark. 4, Fit. 5, Readers. 7, Stones. 8, Gloves. 10, Job. 12, Folk. 13, Goaf. 14, Bags. DOWN: 2, Real. 3, Rent. 6, Gong. 7, Swell. 9, Shot. 11, Bonus.

THREE £100 SHARERS: Cfn. S. M. Ellis, Wainsgate, Forest Lane, Harrogate; Mrs. E. Kinread, 96 Elm Hall Drive, Mossley Hill, Liverpool, 18; Mrs. E. Root, 1077 Grangefield Avenue, Thornbury, Bradford.

Runners-up Award (value £25) shared between 20 entrants. Winners and Runners-up receive Christmas Fowls in addition.

£100 CASH and FOWLS for this XWORD

How to Enter

Complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues above. Winner — sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.

1S		A	R	2K		3C	O	A		
P			4M	I		E	R	S		
I	B	5S	E	N			T	I	6C	
					7			D	A	
E	G	O		L	E	A	8P	E	R	
		9P		Y		G	O			
10C	O	S			11					
O	N		12C	R	A	F	T		13	
					R		E	M	U	
14S		A	P	509	S	I	R	E	N	

Entry-fee Entry-fee for this one Square (plus extra set of Answers on plain paper) is 6d. P.O. or stamps; if sending Square only with 6d., address and enclose *Gazette* Label on left WITHOUT affixing stamp.

NOTE.—Pencilled entries NOT accepted for Crosswords—allowed in *Bullets*.

Signed .....
Address .....
. .....

509 Closing Postmark, MON., DEC. 2.
I enclose 6d. P.O.
No.....

THINKING AROUND RADIO

Nonsense on the Air

"ONEZY, TWOZY, I'll kiss youzy" sing the crooners. "Threezy, fourzy, kiss some morezy," chants half the population in reply.

It is the latest in a line of nonsense songs which has distinguished beginnings in "Lero, lero, lillabullero." But with the general weakening of songs, has descended into the depths of banality.

The outstanding example in recent years was "Mairzy doats and dozy doats and liddle lamzy divey," which, as you probably know, translates into "mares eat oats and does eat oats and little lambs eat ivy," equally nonsensical. It had a fantastic popularity; all sorts of unexpected people were humming and singing it.

I suppose it is the tune which does the trick. Few people pay much attention to the words of a song; they hear a tune, like it, and are prepared to accept whatever words fit in with its rhythm; that accounts for the lack of protest when female crooners come forward and sing songs written for men, and vice versa.

It is doubtful if one person in twenty who sang "On the Atchison, Topeka and the Santa Fé" considered that they might be real towns (they are; Atchison and Topeka are in Kansas and Santa Fé in New Mexico). No, they accepted the words as nonsense, learned the formula after hearing the song a couple of times, and went on their way repeating the syllables that go with the tune.

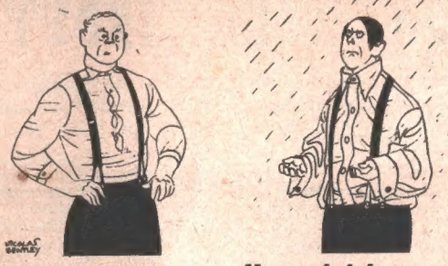
A SILLY song I liked a few years ago when it was popular was "Three Little Fishes"; perhaps you remember that "Boop-boop dittem dottem whattem, chu!" was the chorus. It had to be sung as though you were a child. The other fishy song of the period, "Hold Tight," gives us an even more definite clue to the reason for the popularity of nonsense. "Hold tight, I want some sea-food, momma, give me my favourite dish—fish." It was the word "momma."

Nonsense was a natural part of our lives when we were children. We were all encouraged to say and sing meaningless bits of nothing, starting with "da-da." Today, in our strictly grown-up lives, such irresponsibility is forbidden, so, if a song for mass singing is presented which contains similar expressions to those used in the nursery, it may be that we take the opportunity to return to the warm and happy days of our childhood.

Did you ever play ring-a-ring-a-roses when you were a child? And have you danced the "Kokey-Kokey" now you are grown up? In case you have not caught the words clearly, here are the first few lines of this companion to the "Lambeth Walk," "Boomps-a-Daisy" and "Palais Glide." The dancers stand in a ring and sing the song with appropriate gestures. "You put your left arm out, left arm in, left arm out. You do the Kokey-Kokey and turn around, that's what it's all about!"

Perhaps, after all, it's good for us to become children again for a few moments in this grim world. Let's have more nonsense—but if we could aim at results a little nearer Edward Lear's or Lewis Carroll's, it would be better.

ELKAN ALLAN



Choke-shrink . . . Charles chooses shirts the right size. But soon they're so shrunk-up he's strangled!

Hope-shrink . . . Harry buys over-size shirts—then stands in the rain, hoping they'll shrink to fit.

Won't-Shrink . . . You can be sure YOUR shirts will never shrink out of fit if they're labelled "Sanforized"-Shrunk. Look for "Sanforized" on shirts, pyjamas, overalls and all washable cottons . . .

SANFORIZED. REGD. Will not shrink out of fit

VISCOUNTESS BRIDPORT *gives her fair skin the lovely transparent look by using Pond's Natural Face Powder*

Blondes Beware!

Blondes, beware! No ordinary face powder can bring out the full beauty of your complexion. But Pond's is different! For, thanks to the colourscope, Pond's shades are scientifically blended to bring out the lovely hidden tints of each complexion type—the radiance of *fair* skin, the glamour of glorious *creamy* skin.

Pond's colourscope revealed the hidden tints in each complexion type. (It showed bright blue in blondes' skin!)

POND'S *Face Powder*

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16-inch rubber rollers. Folding handle with spring clip. Reversible feed board. Adjustable pressure screw. Metal stand has metal tray for holding tub or basket; folds flat when not in use.

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KEY TO COMFORT AND HEALTH
1 Wool vest for protection.
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3 Wool socks for health.
4 Wool tunic for hard wear.
5 Wool jumper for comfort and of course — Wool coat for style.

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G.144 *Issued by the International Wool Secretariat*

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No wonder so many women use Drene Shampoo! Like the stars of Stage and Screen, they have discovered how Drene gives hair new and fascinating lustre. These exciting highlights can be yours too, the first time *you* use Drene. 7½d. and 1/10½d. and an extra large Family Size that will save you money.

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TAKE UP PELMANISM
The Grasshopper Mind

YOU know the man with a "Grasshopper Mind" as well as you know yourself. His mind nibbles at everything and masters nothing.

At home in the evening he tunes in the wireless—gets tired of it—then glances through a magazine—can't get interested. Finally, unable to concentrate on anything, he either goes to the pictures or falls asleep in his chair. At the office he always takes up the easiest thing first, puts it down when it gets hard, and starts something else. Jumps from one thing to another all the time.

Half Fees for serving and ex-service members of His Majesty's Forces (Apply for Services Enrolment Form)

There are thousands of these people with "Grasshopper Minds" in the world. In fact, they are the very people who do the world's most tiresome tasks and get but a pittance for their work. They do the world's clerical work and the routine drudgery. Day after day, year after year—endlessly—they hang on to the jobs that are smallest-salaried, longest-houred, least interesting, and poorest-futured!

What Can You Do About It?

That is the question you are asking yourself. Here is the answer.

Take up Pelmanism now! A course of Pelmanism brings out the mind's latent powers and develops them to the highest point of efficiency.

Pelmanism banishes such weaknesses and defects as Mind-Wandering, Inferiority and Indecision which interferes with the effective working powers of the mind, and in their place develops strong, positive, vital qualities such as Optimism, Concentration, and Reliability, all qualities of the utmost value in any walk of life.

Remember—Everything you do is preceded by your attitude of mind

The Pelman Course is fully described in a book entitled *The Science of Success*. You can enrol on the most convenient terms. The book will be sent you, gratis and post free, on application to:

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Plan to spend your coupons wisely, remembering that to protect you against the wet and cold of the days ahead there is nothing like a Swallow Raincoat. Fine in the rain, good looking, hard wearing, light yet warm, a Swallow Raincoat will give you complete weather protection all round the calendar. The selection is still limited, but each coat represents grand value for money and coupons.

SWALLOW RAINCOATS LTD BIRMINGHAM 19

EVERSHARP IS BACK!

Small supplies are reaching the shops of Eversharp silver-plated pencils at 7/11d. and 10/5d., and of the "Kingswood" pen by Eversharp at 12/10d. These prices include purchase tax. If you want an Eversharp for Christmas you should see your stationer or jeweller at once as supplies are very limited.

EVERSHARP LTD., 195-199 GREAT PORTLAND STREET, LONDON, W.1
Eversharp Products are made in England, Canada and U.S.A.

The **Craftsmanship-built** tyre

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

Our team of experts will solve your queries (except medical) if you send them to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 186 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Personal problems should be sent to "Humanist" at the same address. Stamp for reply, please

Whose Property?

AFTER FIVE YEARS' service abroad, I returned to find that my wife was in love with another man and will have nothing to do with me. During the war she bought new furniture out of her army allowance and she claims that it is hers. Is this true? Will you tell me also who has a claim on the wedding presents?"

▸▸ The army allowance was considered personal to your wife, and any furniture bought out of such would be rightly hers. But if you made her a personal allowance for a specific purpose that would be considered yours. Wedding presents given to your wife would belong to her, but those given jointly should be equally shared.

Shop Rent Raised

"I HAVE BEEN TENANT of a lock-up shop since 1936, when the rent (including rates) was 5s. 2d. a week. In 1942 it was raised to 7s., and this year it has been raised to 12s. 3d. Is this legal under the Rent Restrictions Act?"

▸▸ Business premises without living accommodation are not controlled by the Rent Restrictions Act, and you may be obliged to submit to the increase.

Claims Alimony

"MY WIFE is suing for divorce and intends claiming alimony as well as maintenance for the two children. I am now unemployed. How is alimony assessed in such a case? If my wife remarries will that have any effect on the amount of alimony?"

▸▸ Your wife may claim alimony provided she does so within one month of the divorce being made absolute. If you are unable to pay, a nominal amount will be awarded which may be increased when you are in employment. Alimony is usually one-fifth of the husband's earnings. If your wife remarries you may apply for the maintenance order to be reduced or discharged.

Furniture Units

"CAN YOU TELL ME how long the Blue Units (for furniture) issued last September will remain valid? From four shops I have received three different replies?"

▸▸ Blue Furniture Units became valid on September 1. Date of expiry is not fixed.

Stamps Needed

"ON MY LAST INSURANCE card I was sixteen stamps short, covering the period when I was not earning. I am now given the chance to make up those stamps or lose benefit. I have had no benefits since 1935, and have never been short before. Is it necessary to buy these sixteen stamps?"

▸▸ In order to be entitled to benefits at reduced rates during 1947 you must have at least thirty-six contributions to your credit for the 1945-46 contribution year. For title to full benefits you must have at least fifty contributions to your credit for that year. It will pay you to make up the arrears.

Light Work

"I HAVE HAD to give up work because of illness. I am told to do light work, but in this small village there is nothing but farm work. What chance have I got? What can I do when my doctor refuses to give me certificates?"

▸▸ As you are considered fit for a light job your panel doctor can refuse to issue further National Health Insurance Certificates. If he does refuse you should register at the local Employment Exchange for suitable light employment and then claim unemployment benefit.

Children's Outing

"OUR WORKING MEN'S club would like to run a children's outing fund. How can such a fund be run without infringing the law? Is it legal to have a weekly draw and to award prizes? What percentage of the money could be taken for expenses?"

▸▸ There is no reason why you should not start a fund for such a purpose, but it would be advisable to appoint a treasurer to keep an account and to pay money into a separate banking account. You may conduct a small private draw provided it is not advertised outside the premises, but expenses must not exceed £10. Prizes could be given out of the takings.

Rent for Cottage

"TWELVE MONTHS AGO I was offered a country cottage, and I agreed to pay 10s. a week rent. I now find that the original rent was 4s. 8d. a week. I have never had any receipts for the money. Can I claim excess payments?"

▸▸ You are entitled to a rent book which should state the standard rent of the cottage. If you have been overcharged you may recover any overpayments made during the previous two years.

Prison and Debt

"MY SON was recently committed to prison for three months for being in arrears on a maintenance order. Does imprisonment cancel the debt?"

▸▸ Committal to prison cancels the arrears due for maintenance, but further maintenance will accrue during the period when he is serving his sentence.

Society's Liability

"I AM BUYING a house through a building society and have discovered that there is woodworm in the roof timbers. Have I any claim on the building society?"

▸▸ No, the building society's survey of the house is for their own purposes and does not operate as a guarantee regarding the condition of the house.

HOW EXPERT WERE YOU?

Answers to Quiz on page 18

HEADLINES. (1) Gigli; (2) Municipal; (3) Greece; (4) International brotherly love; (5) Chiang Kai-shek.

SLANG. (1) Down the stairs, round the corner to the public house for some beer; (2) Milk, Coca-cola, whisky-and-soda; (3) Mining and prize-fighting; (4) A jitterbug would be asking you to dance to the excellent music of a clarinet; (5) A free ticket; from the fact that she was a sharpshooter who threw cards into the air and shot holes through them; free tickets had the word "Complimentary" punched through them.

SHIPS. (1) The *Queen Mary*; (2) Pontoon; clipper; (3) Midnight, four and eight o'clock (a.m. and p.m.), noon; (4) "We are a Merchant Navy ship in trouble"; (5) Behind the ship; stop.

THE PRESS. (1) *Daily Graphic, Daily Express, Daily Telegraph*; (2) Hannen Swaffer; (3) *News of the World*; (4) *Daily Express, Sunday Express*, London *Evening Standard*, Glasgow *Evening Citizen*; (5) *Manchester Guardian, The Times, Daily News*.

POLITICIANS. (1) Hugh Dalton, Ellen Wilkinson; (2) Baldwin, Austen Chamberlain; (3) Independent Labour Party, Tories; (4) Sir Samuel Hoare, Sidney Webb; (5) Churchill has been Under-Secretary for Colonies, Home Secretary, First Lord of the Admiralty, Minister of Munitions, War Secretary, Air Minister, Colonial Secretary, Chancellor of the Exchequer, Prime Minister, Minister of Defence, First Lord of the Treasury.

GARDENING. (1) Weight; (2) Centipedes, ladybirds; (3) For rotting down on the compost heap; (4) Ivy, holly; (5) Daffodils, pinks.

WEIGHTS AND MEASURES. (1) A mile; (2) One half; (3) Chain; (4) Two, five and a half; (5) Twelve inches deep by ten inches.

MUSIC. (1) Double bass; (2) Chopin; (3) Dvorak, Tchaikovsky; (4) *Fidelio* was the opera and the name of one of the overtures, the others were *Leonora* 1, 2 and 3; (5) Köchel numbered Mozart's works and these are the "K" numbers.

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to be a reader of John Bull," writes Mr. J. O. Thomas of Tavernspite, Whitland, in acknowledging payment under John Bull's Free Insurance following an outbreak of fire at his home.

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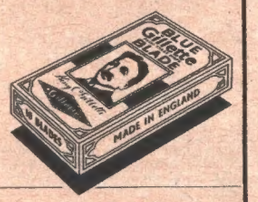

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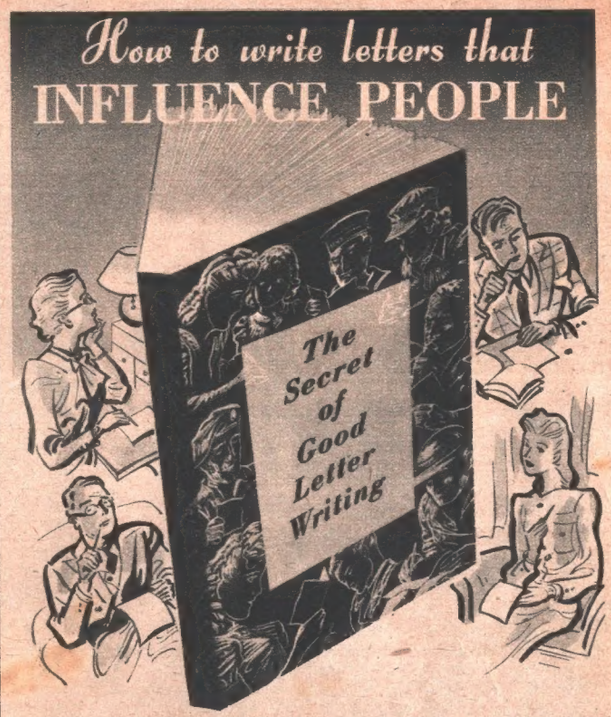

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